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THE ACTORS' BANQUET.

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I held a mighty banquet
 In the city of the east,
And called my friends dramatic
 To join me in the feast.
From all the distant regions
 There came a countless host,
Who sat around my table
 And offered many a toast.

The "star" admitted freely
 That his light would be most dim
But for the great assistance
 The "stock" had rendered him;
He was a man who never
 "Cut" minor parts, from fear
That they, by proper acting,
 Might win a passing cheer.

The "leading gents" were modest,
 They didn't think it truth
That they could fill the places
 Of Forrest, Kean and Booth.
They did not curse the public,
 Nor make a fuss because
They were not all recipients
 Of thunders of applause.

The "heavy man" acknowledged
 That he scarcely had a touch
Of genius, and that often
 He mouthed his words too much.
The light comedian didn't
 Assert that he might shine
With most peculiar lustre
 In the higher tragic line.

The ladies were not boastful
 Of the beauty they possessed,
Nor jealous of attention
 Bestowed upon the rest.
They never at the footlights
 Garbled and spoilt the play
To please the silly fellow
 Who threw the big *boquet*.

"Utility" was willing
 To play his little part,
Nor sought he to impress you
 With his knowledge of the art.
The "singing lady" didn't
 Expect to make a stir,
Or have the daily critic
 Give *all* his space to her.

And none condemned the others,
 And all were happy quite,
And so with song and laughter
 We passed a jolly night.
But when the morning sunshine
 In the east began to gleam,
I woke to find my Banquet
 Alas! was all a dream!



MRS. ROSE SKERRETT SHEWELL. COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE POST-MORTEM MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPEAK OF IT NEVER.

"Hope again! yes, hope again!
 Bid the shadowy past depart;
Listen to her siren strain,
 Let her music woo thy heart.
Trust her though thou be deceived,
 Though thy faith in her is gone;
Happier far than if bereaved
 Of each hope that lured thee on."

She was not cold, Grace Etheridge said—not colder than usual.

"But you are half frozen," cried Ralph in his boisterous, impetuous style; "half dead with cold and fatigue. It is a monstrous long journey—too long for you to undertake all in one day. But that was my fault. That was all owing to my inconsiderate haste."

"It is a long journey."

"Yes, yes; and after sitting up I don't know how many long weary nights by the old woman's bedside. Is she better?"

"No; she is dead."

Ralph was silent for a few minutes, and watched his companion with a strange sort of anxiety; her manner struck him as being so quiet and subdued to what it had been in the old times before he went away to seek his fortune in the gold fields. But how could he expect to find her altogether unchanged after so long an absence? He too, probably, was much altered both in manner and appearance; in many of his ways of thought he felt certain that he was.

"Do you think I am changed?" he asked.

She looked at him for the first time steadfastly.

"A little," she answered. "Am I?"

"No," he replied with some hesitation; "no—a little too, perhaps. Not much, but I think a little."

"Not in one respect," she answered, and gently squeezed his hand.

She had the same sweet smile that he so well remembered, that had come back to him, how many times! in his dreams, during those long five years of hard work, danger and trial. But she was more beautiful than when he left her, although over her beauty there seemed to hover a sort of cloud of care. It was a kind of wearied loveliness in her quieter moments, which told a tale of suffering more eloquently than any words. Deverel, whilst Ralph and Grace had been talking together, was looking after the luggage, and had engaged a cab. The luggage was of a very limited nature, and required but little collecting. It consisted solely of a worn and weather-stained portmanteau, which was scarcely the sort of thing usually chosen by a lady for the purpose of containing her worldly effects upon a journey. When Ralph lifted it—for in his impetuous way he would snatch it from Deverel's hand, and carry it himself—he found it very light.

"She's very poor," he thought to himself, as they rode along; "how she has suffered: and when I might have relieved her wants so easily if I had only written home and told her where she was to send to me in the hour of need! What a fool I have been, and what an idiotic scheme that was of going away for five years, like—like a lunatic in a stage-play!"

Everything that had happened since his return had tended to convince him more and more of the folly of his conduct, and at length he was coming very rapidly to one conclusion, which was neither more nor less than this: as he had stopped away so long it perhaps would have been quite as well if he had made up his mind to stop away altogether. As soon as the luggage had been safely deposited on the roof of the cab, they drove straight to the hotel where Ralph Strangeways had been staying, and where apartments had been engaged for Miss Etheridge's reception. Supper was laid when they arrived, for the train was rather late, and ready to serve up. Grace, retiring to her room for a few moments, made her reappearance with her soft fair hair smoothly braided, and her graceful figure shown to the utmost advantage in a soft clinging dress of some black material. But even for Ralph's inexperienced eyes it was not difficult to see that the clothes she wore were poor and threadbare, and he noted this with a heavy heart. The little meal Ralph had fondly fancied was to have been a jovial one and a very liberal supply of wine had been ordered; but no one but Deverel drank, and he only in moderation. Ralph did not like to make any inquiries about Grace's affairs before their friend, for he felt that their discussion must be of a melancholy ture; and having already heard Deverel's tale (of which more anon) it seemed to him that there was nothing left but to tell his own adventures, and to give them as jovial a complexion as might be.

"You can't imagine," he said laughing, "how strange it seems to me to have a whole roof over my head and a soft bed under me. Of course the first day I was here I could not very well get the rocking of the ship out of my head, but last night it was the soft feathers and the enormous extent of unfilled bed that kept me awake. We were rather cramped for space, as a general rule, out there—on the other side of the pond. A plank to lie on, you know, and you fell out when you turned round."

"You had a hard time of it sometimes," said Deverel.

"You may safely say always, without exaggeration. There was a kind of savage attempt at civilization in the towns—a splendid discomfort for those who could pay for it. The lucky diggers went in for the gorgeous now and then, and did not care what it cost them—a carriage-and-four, long clay pipes, and half a gallon of gin lying on the opposite seat, to be taken as required. I have known a new-married couple pay as much as one hundred pounds for a single night's accommodation at one of the hotels."

"They soon got through their earnings at that rate."

"Soon enough, and it was a hard job, too, sometimes, to keep safe what you had till you wanted to spend it. They tried to rob me and my pal out at the diggings once or twice, and once my gold had a narrow squeak for it."

"How was that?"

"At that time I stowed away my money under my pillow—that is to say an old coat rolled up. Afterwards, when I learnt better, I carried it in a belt round my waist. I fancied no one could have put his hand under my head without awaking me. I was wrong in this. A man could put his hand under easily enough. The difficulty lay in drawing it back again, and that was when the fellow awoke me. A murderous black thief! he was well known at the diggings, and suspected of having cut more throats out in the bush than I have fingers on my hands. He daren't have shown his ugly face in the daytime among us, for fear of being lynched. They're not particular over there about such trifles, and would just have warned him off once, and then shot him down if he did not make himself scarce. He had crept in, though, at night, and getting into our tent, having heard that I had a good land, thought he would try his skill at my money-bag. It was when he was drawing his hand away that he awoke me. It was not quite dark, for daylight was just faintly breaking without the tent. I opened my eyes wide, but did not move, and that was lucky, or the beggar would have thrust a knife into me as certain as I am sitting here; but I opened my eyes wide, I say, and lay motionless, and I listened with all my might. There wasn't a sound to be heard within or without, but I felt something slip, slip, slipping always from under my head. Then as I strained my eyes I made out a long dusky figure bending over me. 'What,' thought I to myself, 'is it my chum turned robber?'—though that was the first notion, may the Lord forgive me! that occurred to me. He is dead now, as honest a fellow as the sun ever shone upon. Then I caught sight of a long slit in the canvas, where the thief had got in, and I saw the whole business. But the question was, what was I to do? I lay, as luck would have, with my arms straight down by my sides. If he felt me moving he would strike his knife into me like a flash of lightning, for I saw it naked in his hand, and could make out the blade's shape with tolerable distinctness. Then I must get my hand loose, or how could I help myself?—for come what might, you may be sure I did not mean to loose the money I had worked for so hard, and I thought of the little girl waiting for me over here, and made my mind up, cost what it would, to make an effort. "Then while he was gently disengaging my treasure my hands were creeping upwards quite as steadily, and presently I was feeling for my revolver. But it was not where I usually kept it. It had slipped down, as I afterwards found. I had not time, however, to go into the question; if I was to do anything I must do it sharply. So I screwed up my muscles, bounded straight up, and clutched hold of him by the throat. "If I'd not caught him cleanly he'd have used his knife sure enough, but I took him by surprise, you see, and the job was easy enough."

"And—and what did you do?" asked Grace after a pause, for Ralph had stopped here, as though his tale had reached its conclusion.

"O," he answered carelessly, as he filled his wine-glass, "he never went stealing again: I squeezed his life out."

Deverel glanced from the speaker to the pale attentive face and back again.

There was something grand in the quiet repose of the man's squarely-cut head and bold features, on which the firelight shone redly as he turned towards the hearth. An easy-going, easily-deceived, over-credulous, and confiding creature, there was no doubt, but an ugly customer, perhaps, if roused to fury. At least, so Deverel thought, as he looked with a strange curiosity at his companion's right hand resting on the table—the hand that had strangled the thief.

"But at length" the doctor said, you brought your money safely home, and a good large sum, too?"

"A large enough sum, I suppose, to make a fortune out of, if I threw it into a good speculation,' replied Strangeways. "And you must give me your notions, Deverel, when we have time to talk things over in a day or two. But besides my own money, I have my chum's, you know, which I was to have given to his poor children. But the puzzle is how I am to find them. By the way, I forgot all about the pocketbook."

"What pocket-book?

"I don't think I told you about that. A mysterious pocket-book tied up and sealed, that I found on the table at the Last Hope, that I brought away with a vague idea that it might throw some light upon the children's whereabouts, though I can't exactly say what put the idea into my head."

"And has it?"

"Well, not as yet, for somehow I have not yet found time to read what is in it; my head has been too full of another matter. Grace, here—good heavens!"

He started forward with an exclamation of alarm, for Miss Etheridge, in a half fainting state, was slipping from her chair.

"It is the heat of the room, perhaps," said Deverel, also rising to proffer his assistance, "and the fatigue of the long journey. It is growing late, I think, and time for me to take my departure.

Restored to consciousness, Grace expressed a wish to retire to her own room, and bade the gentlemen good night.

* * * * * * * * *

It had been arranged by the impetuous gold digger that, with the young lady's consent, the marriage should take place the very next day. He, however, had intended that they should have had some conversation upon the subject that evening when Deverel had departed. Grace's sudden indisposition had prevented the plan being carried into execution. Next morning, however, at an early hour, when Ralph was in the breakfast-room, Grace joined him.

"You are better now, dearest?"

"Much better."

"But you do not look strong.

"I have not had very good health lately; still, I am pretty strong."

"My own dear girl! you have suffered cruelly since I have been away. O, don't deny it! I am sure that it has been so, and I shall never cease to curse my folly in being so long absent."

"You had plenty else to think of beside me."

"Besides you!—I thought of nothing else. Through all my trials and troubles I was always thinking of you. Why, my sole object in life—my own end and aim—was to get together that money which I had promised to bring home. Ah, if you knew how I have thought of you! At sea, outlying on icy yards, and tossed and swung above the angry waves, they said they always found me staunch and steady at my post, but as I came nearer home, the thought that some harm might have come to my darling has made the greatest coward of me; and I've trembled and cried o' nights, when no one has been near to see me, like a great baby."

"You have a brave, good, generous heart, Ralph! you are a world too good for me."

"What an idea! and how sad you look, my own little Grace! Do you know now I am going to say something very foolish—but I won't say it on second consideration—it will only tease you."

"You must tell me."

"You will not think then—you promise me—that it is any sign of want of love on my part? You will understand it in the proper way?—but I am sure of that."

"Yes—yes! What is it?"

"Well, it is, then, you seem so changed in some respects. Do you know, I hardly—it was at the first moment, you know—I hardly knew you."

"It is true that I have had a great deal of trouble, Ralph: I daresay I am changed."

"What a wretch I am! Of course, I ought to have known all that, and should not have spoken of it."

"You find me changed for the worse?"

"Ah, you know that is not the case! You are far more beautiful than ever you were. Besides, that is not the point. It's dreadfully stupid, but I fancy your eyes are darker than they used to be.'

"How can that be? That is impossible, or very improbable—at any rate I did not know it myself."

"You recollect this little portrait I suppose, that you gave me—O, so long ago? Look at the eyes there, they are lighter."

"Was this a good portrait, do you think?"

"It was the image of you. Do you not remember?"

"Yes, I thought so. The color has faded, I suppose; it does so sometimes. I am glad it was not a photograph, it might have faded altogether if it had been."

"And so you have had great troubles, dearest? You shall tell me all about them."

"No, I think not, Ralph. You will not refuse me my first request, will you?"

"Nor the second, or third, or fifth, or sixth."

"Or the hundredth, perhaps," she added, smiling. "It is, then, that you never mention my troubles any more; I would forget if I could the five long, wretched years you have been away, and all that I have suffered in that time. There's a happy future before us. Why should we regret the irrevocable past?"

"I like to hear you say that, my darling; my lips shall never again intentionally utter a word that may bring back to your mind a thought of the sorrows you would forget. For the future it shall be your making if you but let me make you my own dear, long-loved wife this day."

Ralph had proposed that the marriage should take place in one of those quaint old-fashioned churches in the city, and a special license had saved all trouble and delays. Grace also was anxious that the marriage should be as quiet as possible, and the church selected met with her entire approval. As they knew no other friends who they wished to be present at the ceremony, it was agreed that Deverel should give the bride away. There were no other persons present except the clergyman, the clerk, a pew-opener and one old woman, who had come very early, and taken as it were a front row reserved to see the sight, but who with long waiting had got sleepy, and was dozing at last at the important moment that the marriage was being performed. They had a quiet little dinner afterwards at another hotel, where it was agreed they were to take up their quarters for a few days because Ralph said he had been so long away from London, all the lions were quite new to him and he would like to have a good look at them. Besides this, he was anxious to prosecute his inquiries respecting his dead friend's missing children. The weather-beaten portmanteau, unpacked, exhibited but a very scanty stock of wearing apparel, and one of the first things that Ralph proposed was that his young wife should purchase some new clothes.

"And some pretty necklaces and rings, and all that," he said; "my darling must be made to look more beautiful, if possible, than she is. That is a strange fashion of a ring you have on your left hand; come, let me look. It's a snake, isn't it? Yes; and what an ugly leer the rascal has got in his eye!"

"It was my poor mother's dying gift. I wear it for her sake."

"Of course, my dear, you should wear it in that case, however ugly it was. It is a funny idea for a ring, though, isn't it? What a savage rascal! I give you my word he looks quite venomous."

* * * * *

It was a happy time this which followed so long a term of peril and danger, and Ralph was like a great schoolboy out for a holiday when he took his pretty wife about to the various places of amusement.

"I must settle down to work, you know," he would say, "I must settle down to something presently, because our money won't keep us for ever. But we need not be afraid of running short; my old friend Captain Wetherwell and I have talked all that over, and we have pretty well arranged plans for the future."

"You have heard no more of your friend since that night you landed?"

"Well, no, and it is most extraordinary."

"You have been in the city, of course, to the shipowners?"

"Yes, I went of course the first day to inquire about him. I have been several times since. They say he asked for a week's leave and went away without giving any address."

"But the week is over now, is it not?"

"Not until to-morrow. To-morrow I shall know what is the meaning of all this mystery, I suppose."

"I suppose so," said Grace.

CHAPTER IX.

DEAD OR ALIVE?

"Dead or alive we sought for her
 Through all that night, throughout the day
 Which followed it, yet found her not,
 And came at length to doubt
 Her very life."

The landlord and landlady of the hotel where they had been stopping were two of the kindest and most obliging people in the world. Nobody could have been more anxious to please than the active young waiter, or his courteous senior, an old man who had been "man and boy in the house these *forty years* and more." The chambermaids, too, were irreproachable in their attendance, and to all appearances the least curious of mortal females. Nothing, indeed, Ralph had several times declared, could have been more satisfactory than the state of things existing at Sanderford's Hotel, and he had never been half as comfortably lodged in his life before. Was not what had occurred then most unpleasant?

What had occurred? Nothing less than this—Ralph Strangeways had been robbed.

Be not alarmed, however, kind reader. No one had stolen in upon him in the dark, as the man had done in his Australian tent, and stolen away with the famous money-belt which foolishly enough he still persisted in carrying about with him.

What he had lost was not money, at least as far as his knowledge went.

"The infernally provoking part of the business is," said he, "that I don't know what it is I have lost. Why was I such a fool as never to look before this?"

"It seems impossible that it can have been stolen," said Grace; "you must look again in the boxes. Or can it have fallen out of your pocket? Can it have fallen behind a box? Let us move them and look."

All places likely and unlikely were visited in the search that was made after the missing property, but the pocket-book which Ralph had brought away from the Last Hope was nowhere to be found.

"I've no idea where I saw it last," Ralph confessed upon cross examination. "I am the most careless and forgetful dog alive, and one of the most procrastinating. How can I think of anybody or anything else in the world when you are by?"

He nearly forgot the affair again now, but the recollection of his promise to his old chum came back strongly to his mind, and he began to upbraid himself for his lax method of executing the dead man's instructions.

"The very first thing to-morrow morning I must set about my inquiries. In the mean time I must find that book."

He rang the bell and cross examined the servants. The landlord too was consulted.

There never before had been such a thing occur in his house, Mr. Sanderford said. It was very unpleasant; there was no denying it—it was very unpleasant.

"I could never have dropped it out of doors," Ralph said to himself. "What is to be done?"

"What was in it?" the landlord asked.

"What indeed? That was a question doomed never to find an answer, for the book was not found; and at length the search died out in a most unsatisfactory manner.

The same evening that the loss was first discovered, Ralph said:—

"It is lucky it was no worse, all things considered; I will bank my money to-morrow."

The next day after making various inquiries, he decided on a bank where his savings could be placed in safety, together with the money which his old chum had confided to his care, which he entered also in his own name.

"And as soon as my friend Wetherwell puts in an appearance we will make our little investments, of which I fancy you will approve. With respect to investments, Grace, I have just half-a-dozen words to say which I hope you will forgive me for saying if you think they to a certain extent break a promise I made you of alluding to the past."

"What are they?"

"Well, they are about Deverel. I wanted to inquire whether, since I have been away, you have seen much of him?"

"Not for the last three years, since I have had situations as governess and companion. Previous to that very often."

"Until our poor mother died? Was she on friendly terms with him?

"He was of the greatest assistance to us at a time of great pressure and trouble; my mother was very grateful for his kindness."

"Have you heard of there being anything—anything at all queer about him?"

"No, not at all. At least, that is, I know he had some severe losses, and was plunged into such difficulties that he was obliged to relinquish his position at the hospital."

"But was there nothing dishonorable about his difficulties?"

"Nothing that I ever heard of."

"And you would have heard had it been the case?"

"I should have been sure to hear."

"I think so, too."

"But what makes you ask?"

"I'm ashamed of telling you. I have really no reason why I should ask—only fancies—fancies for which there is really no reasonable foundation."

"What are they?"

"I fancy sometimes there is a little something about his face and manner not quite straightforward, that is all. He has never said anything to shake my faith in him, and I have heard nothing relating to him which at all tends to encourage a bad opinion, unless—I don't think, by the way, I ever told you how I first found him when I returned to England."

"You said something about a shop in a low neighborhood. I almost forget the particulars."

"I went to find him, first of all, at the hospital where he was house surgeon when I left England, and there I found another gentleman in his place, who could not give me his address, and from whose manner I formed a sort of idea that somehow Deverel had left, as the saying is, under a cloud."

"That was because he was a bankrupt, I suppose. The gentleman who had got his place probably bore him very little good will."

"My darling, that is just what I concluded. Well, one of the porters gave me an address which was at a public house in the Haymarket."

"The Haymarket! Where is that?"

"It's a part of London you are not likely to have heard much about—a part which is not very reputable, and bears an ill name. Here I found a public house, which probably bears as bad a name as any round about—at least so I am informed—where he seemed to be a tolerably frequent customer, but they knew nothing of his address."

"That was in his favor, was it not?"

"What was?"

"His address not being known."

"Yes, I think so, unless they knew it and refused to give it. Even then, however, as I said before, all this proves nothing against him, nor what follows, either. Outside the shop a boy came up to me, and in a very mysterious fashion inquired whether I particularly wanted to see Mr. Deverel, and whether my motive in so doing was an innocent one, or, rather, whether intended to do him any harm. I replied in the negative, of course, and the boy conducted me through a labyrinth of the ugliest courts and alleys I ever had the pleasure of looking at, to a certain villainously smelling rag-and-bottle shop, where, according to the boy's account, Deverel lived."

"Lived at a rag-and-bottle shop? Did Mr. Deverel say he lived there himself?"

"That night he made no particular explanation, because we were talking of other matters—of you, in fact. But next day he told me that he actually was living at this shop for the time being, and for this reason: his difficulties had arisen, as I dare-say you know, from a lawsuit."

"Yes—a lawsuit about his property."

"Exactly. He expected to have found himself the heir of a very rich uncle who lately died and who, he knew, had executed a will in his favor, and had made the fact public upon more than one occasion. When he died, however, no will could be found."

"That is what I was told."

"He was pretty certain, however, that a will did exist, and had been lost or destroyed after his uncle's death. An old man called Diggs, who had been a sort of servant in the family, was the proprietor of the rag-and-bottle shop where I found Deverel. Pleading extreme poverty, Deverel had gone to live in this Diggs' house, in the hope of worming from him some particulars relating to the missing document. There is nothing improbable in all this, and it was, in fact, only the boy who took me to the shop who made any mystery of the business."

"What have you then to say about Deverel?" Grace asked, seeing that her husband remained silent, as though the conversation were concluded.

"Not much. The reason I asked you if you knew anything about him was that he made some rather odd suggestions with regard to the way I should dispose of our money. They were all meant, of course. I don't doubt that for a moment, but—at any rate, I have put the money in the bank now, where it can remain very safely until my friend Wetherwell returns."

Grace offered no remark upon this, and here the talk was for the time suspended.

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The newly-married couple passed their days very happily, as has been said, although Grace's delicate health occasionally interfered with the prospects of pleasure-seeking. She suffered from time to time from violent headaches, to which she had been subject, she told Ralph, for the last two years, and once more she had been seized with a faintness similar to that which had overtaken her upon the first night they had met. The second fainting-fit took place under these circumstances. They had just had breakfast, and were sitting by the fireside, for it was a wet, chilly morning, and Ralph was reading the newspaper.

"But there is somehow less to read about in the papers than there used to be when I was last in England, or else things don't interest me so much. Here are the parliamentary debates. I can't read them, they're so long. A new novel—what's that about? Bigamy, and all that sort of thing—a heap of wild, improbable nonsense that never occurs in real life—and here—halloa! here is a little bit of something surprising. 'Extraordinary Escape from Newgate.—On Tuesday morning a prisoner in this jail, called Joseph Hudson, and nicknamed the Savage, from his ferocity and brutal conduct—' My darling, what is the matter!"

The matter was that Grace had fainted dead away in her armchair before the fire. Flinging down the paper, Ralph ran to her assistance, sprinkled her face with cold water and gently chafed her hands.

"How cold and white it is!" he thought, as he was thus occupied with her left hand between his, and it struck him for the first time it was very extraordinary how ghastly white and deadly cold her left hand always was.

* * * * * * * * *

Ralph did not forget his expressed intention of making inquiries about his dead friend's children. He went to Westminster, and found that the beer-house was in the hands of Graveling's creditors, who supposed that he had run away. Of the neighbors Strangeways asked many questions, but without any very satisfactory result. In poor neighborhoods people change their residences rather frequently, and are so occupied with their own affairs they have not time to think much about those dwelling next door. No one could tell him with any certainty when Graveling first came to live in those parts, and no one could give any information with regard to the place from which he had come.

"There were two children, two little girls, who lived with him," said Ralph.

"Two girls?" answered the person he questioned, and who was the best informed among those he had spoken to; "there was only one girl."

"Only one? Is one then dead?"

"I don't know anything about one being dead. I have seen two children at the beer-shop. One of them was a boy. I always understood that they were brother and sister."

"I can't be mistaken in that," thought Ralph; "I'm certain he called them his little girls. He has talked of them a hundred times."

Then he said aloud—

"You might have been mistaken about the relationship. At any rate, it is the girl I wish to make inquiries about. When did you see them last?"

"A few days ago. They went away with Graveling."

"Did you not see them afterwards?"

"No. They went away with him, but I have no idea where they have gone to."

"Did the man at the beer-shop treat them well?"

"He was a great brute to them. Everybody in the neighborhood can tell you as much. I've heard them crying out when he beat them many and many a time. Sometimes people who have heard their cries have gone and knocked at the door. The police interfered once."

"You don't think they ran away, do you?"

"No, because they went just the same time that he did. I wonder they did not run away, though, for he was a regular brute to them. He sent them out in the streets begging, though he must have had enough to live on without doing that. When they did not bring enough home he would beat them shamefully, and often enough he has shut the door in their faces on the coldest nights, and left the poor little things to shift for themselves as best they might."

"What was the relationship between the children and Graveling?"

"If they were brother and sister—and by the likeness I am inclined to think that is the case—Graveling was said to be their uncle."

"And you, of course, know nothing of any of the connections of the family, or the whereabouts of any friends of whom I might make inquiries?"

"I never heard of any relations, and, as for friends, I don't think Graveling had any. He was a bad lot, and his house had always a bad name. No respectable person in the neighborhood ever used it. It was a house of call for thieves, in my opinion, and the notorious Joe Hudson, the Savage, as he was nicknamed, was among the regular frequenters of it. I've heard that name somewhere."

"Joe Hudson, the Savage! I've heard that name somewhere before, but I forget where."

"He was a dreadful character. There was a Jew, too, that was called, I think, Handsome Jack; and, by the way, now I come

to think of it, there was another who might tell you a little if you could get hold of him."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

P. L. L., Boston.—1. We have no recollection of his having "knifed" any one. 2. Neil Bryant has not been in the business since retiring from the old hall. 3. Charley Pettengill is considered a first class performer. 4. Eph. Horn is not only a married man, but has a daughter that was lately married. 5. Negroes are not admitted to any place of amusement on Broadway except Barnum's. The Old Bowery also takes them in. 6. We never see them in sparring exhibitions or free and easies. 7. Joe is not supplied with any more than he can comfortably take care of; John C. Heenan ditto. 8. Legislators are not in favor of legalising prize fights.

S. K. S., Philadelphia.—1. It is a difficult question to decide as to who is the wealthiest man in this country. Some think Vanderbilt is the lucky man. 2. When John Brougham made his trip to Philadelphia, playing here and there the same night, he started from Jersey City at 7.52 in the evening, and arrived at Kensington Depot at 10 o'clock precisely. The party then took stages to the theatre (now the American), and arrived there at 10.30.

D. E. K., Boston, Mass.—1. Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, Ann street, this city. 2. Bendigo's proper name is W. Thompson. He beat Bill Foulkes, Ned Smith, Charley Martin, Lin Jackson, Tom Cox, Charles Skelton, Tom Burton, Bill Mason, Bill Winterflood, Bingham, Ben Caunt (twice), Brassey, Langan, Bill Looney, Deaf Burke and Tom Paddock; was beaten by Caunt, and forfeited £70 to Tass Parker.

NEMO, Lowell, Mass.—1. At cribbage, supposing the cards are played thus, 7, 8, 9, 7, the last 7 is entitled to a sequence of three as well as the first. 2. The cards should be cut for the turn up card. 3. At draughts, when two opportunities occur, the player may take in which direction he pleases. 4. He must take them all or be "huffed." 5. Don't understand your last question.

J. H. D. Esopus.—Four aces at the legitimate game of draw poker beat anything. A straight flush does not count more than the flush, unless it is otherwise specified before commencing the game. Such a hand may have, by previous mutual understanding, been agreed upon as beating four aces, but such play is exceptional, and not the regular legitimate game.

JOHN WHISKERS.—1. Flora's last race was for a purse. 2. The Chauncey Vibbard is the largest boat on the Hudson. 3. There never was a boat on the Hudson with wheels 60 feet in diameter. 4. Troy and Albany are on different sides of the river. 5. The city horse cars carry passengers to Harlem for one fare, viz., seven cents.

W. H. M.—Sol. Smith's recollections of the stage is what you want. You can get it of Peterson Bros., publishers, Philadelphia. A chronology of the American Stage, giving brief sketches of actors and actresses and a history of theatres by a well known dramatic writer, will shortly be published by Dick and Fitzgerald.

SELMA.—1. "Our American Cousin" was the piece performed. 2. Isabella Hinckley *did* appear in Boston in 1856 in "La Prophet." Isabella Hinckley made her *debut* in Amsterdam. First appeared in America Jan. 23, 1861, as Lucia de Lammermoor, at the Academy of Music, New York.

C. P. W.—"If a man sell a watch for fifty dollars, buys it back for forty and sell it again for forty-five, how much does he make by the transaction?"...... This is one of those puzzling questions that turn up periodically. The man makes five dollars by the operation.

J. F., Annapolis, Md.—Fogarty is 24 years of age, a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and stands about 5 feet 7½ inches. His parents emigrated to this country in 1849, and settled in Boston. He enlisted in the Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment in 1861. He was residing in Cleveland, Ohio, at the time of that fight.

BROWN, Albany.—Custom, we believe, gives the dealer the privilege of going alone, when his partner assists. Our own opinion is that no one has a right to go alone except the player who makes, orders up, or takes up the trump.

J. M. D., Wheeling.—1. The best mile time in this country is 1:44 by Legal Tender at Cincinnati, in a handicap race. 2. John Brougham played Pocahontas in New York and Philadelphia on the same night. 3. 29 seconds, by Thomas, Philadelphia.

SPORTSMAN, Troy.—We cannot give you the past record of the party in question. We have witnessed his shooting in matches on one or two occasions, and, judging from such, do not think his record would be by any means a brilliant one.

TOM N.—The distinguished marks of a pure bred black and tan are: First, the pencil marks on the toes; second, the clearly defined beauty spots on the cheeks; third, the fine silky coat and small tapering tail; and, lastly, the total absence of white.

FRANK A., St. Louis.—1. They are two different persons. 2. Kate is reported to have died last summer in New Orleans of the yellow fever. 3. He is not the champion jiggist or song and dance man.

NEMO, Chicago, Ill.—"At cribbage, A plays a four, B a four, A five, and B a six. Can B claim the sequence of the three for the run of four, five and six after the two fours were played as stated?"......Yes.

QUEEN EMMA.—1. Charley Freeman, the American Giant, played on the London stage. 2. Sam Collyer performed an Ethiopian character in Pittsburgh before appearing in a speaking part in Baltimore.

W. S., Philadelphia.—We already have a correspondent in your city who furnishes us with amateur items. We already had a notice of the performance in type when your letter arrived.

B. S.—Write to the Adjutant General's office, Washington, D. C.; or you may apply at any of the military posts in this vicinity.

F. S., Haverhill, Mass.—No such letter ever came to hand. If you have occasion to send again, buy a P. O. order, and transmit that.

CHICAGO.—1. It was first produced by the Western Sisters. 2. It was played eight years ago in Boston by those ladies. 3. Cannot say when Kate first played it. 4. No.

R. S. D., Boston.—They live together, very happily. The fact of their playing in different cities is no ground for your believing otherwise.

F. L. C. D., Omaha.—1. No. 2. The book of poems has been published in England but not in this country. 3. The book of correspondence has not been published.

PEMBROKE, Boston, Mass.—1. A nine and four trays count twenty-four at cribbage thus:—twelve for fifteens and twelve for double-pair-royal. 2. What sort of a club?

YOUNG IRELAND, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Apply to Johnny Lazarus. 2. It matters but little as long as the teacher is competent.

BROOKLYN.—If A made the trump or took the responsibility of it, B could not go alone against him; if he, B, euchred A, he is entitled to two points.

TRAVEL, Cincinnati.—1. Four dollars and a half a day is the price, but for a week a deduction is always made. 2. Both are considered first class hotels.

W. A. C., Boston, Mass.—Morrissey defeated Heenan in 11 rounds and 21 minutes. Heenan was insensible when time was called for the 12th round.

J. H. E.—1. We believe there is none. 2. Goodrich is the present champion skater. 3. Take the papers. 4. Much obliged.

G. H. D.—You should have sent your denial to the paper that originated the report, showing that there *is* such a town, etc.

C. E. W., Cleveland.—We can answer you better after we shall have seen a specimen.

THEO., Buffalo.—He never wheeled a man in a barrow over the Niagara that we are aware of.

4-11-44, Cleveland, O.—As we are uninterested in such institutions we cannot respond.

T. B. H., Shenandoah City, Pa.—Send on a deposit and we will give publicity to your challenge.

READER, Portsmouth, N. H.—Jack Hicks has fought nine times in the ring. He was twice beaten by Joe Nolan.

S. M. H.—Barney Aaron was the victor in his last fight with Sam Collyer. Billy Kelly and Collyer have fought for the light-weight championship since then, Sam winning.

C. A. N.—Peck & Co., 105 Nassau street, this city, have such a work for sale.

READER.—The prices vary. Apply to some professor.

J. McG., Philadelphia, Pa.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Boston Four Corners, October 12th, 1853.

M. F. E.—We know nothing of the concern except what has appeared in advertisements.

W. M. E., Cincinnati.—Would be pleased to hear from you, but we never issue any documents of that nature.

MOSE, Troy.—Dave Carson sailed for London some time since, and is probably in India by this time.

J. C. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We believe the parties to be on the square. Write them again.

MINNEAPOLIS.—He is traveling westward as agent for the Hanlon Combination. His wife resides in Williamsburgh, L. I.

C. B. D., St. Louis.—1. There is such a firm at the place you mention. 2. He is considered the best in this country at present.

G. A. M., Baltimore.—He is traveling in the West with a dramatic company.

J. G., Chestnut Hill.—The point for turning up Jack is not counted when a misdeal occurs.

A. B., Philadelphia.—The New Chestnut Street Theatre will seat 1,800 persons.

J. S. M., Ann Arbor.—Fanny Brown was the last one that played the character there.

HARDY.—The dealer must deal to all alike; if he commences by giving two to each player, he cannot give himself three.

C. R. M., Newcastle, Pa.—There is no rule against using both hands.

H. H. B., Bath.—You can procure it from W. C. Wemyss, No. 575 Broadway, this city.

T. C. F., Cleveland.—1. She is in her twenty-first year. 2. Sixes. 3. Maggie is not married.

W. S. K., Cleveland.—1. McBride. 2. George Wright. 3. Collyer. 4. Cannot say when Lotta will appear in your city.

SPORT, Portland, Me.—1. We believe not. 2. No one claims that honor.

H. N. S., Chicago.—We cannot inform you where Mrs. N. H. Bannister is at present.

J. G. H., St. Louis.—A. wins the game, as low scores out before high, Jack.

SUNNYSIDE, Baltimore.—A deals again: it would be manifestly unjust to deprive C of the privilege of the beg.

CHARLEY S. Bloomington.—You win, as both Gladiateur and Saunterer ran a mile in less than 1:41.

OGIL, New York.—If you do not call your opponent you cannot demand a sight of his hand when you give up the pot.

HARVARD.—A stale mate only constitutes a drawn game.

W. B. B., Waterloo.—Address Mr. T. Heathwood, Lowell, Mass.

A SOLDIER, Fort Preble, Me.—See answer to J. H. D., Esopus. Unless previously agreed upon before commencing, A. wins.

SHADOW.—The English mode is Lewis's; the American, Lewis'. In pronunciation both s's are needed.

20 BOWERY.—Jack Cody defeated Jack Adams in 19r, 29m, March 1, 1864, at Biker's Island, N. Y.

A. T., Baltimore.—A new deal cannot be demanded for such a reason.

A., Springfield, Mass.—As B only had one more throw, and threw a tray, he lost.

SEVEN UP.—Three at a time is the usual mode.

BURLING SLIP.—Where the dealer and the ace called upon secure all five tricks, they each score two points.

CONSTANT READER, Mt. Zion.—The troupe is in Baltimore, Md.

MILTON, Madison.—Edwin Adams was born in Medford, Mass., Feb. 3, 1834.

K., Milwaukee.—Write to Wilmer and Rogers, cor. of Liberty and Nassau street, this city.

J. W. P., Philadelphia.—You can dispose of them by advertising, probably.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Two points are all that are due for making "thirty-one."

F. C. MOORE.—We have no letter for you at present. The one advertised was sent for by a F. C. Moore and he received it.

SONG AND DANCE, Philadelphia.—From $40 to $75 a week.

RESOLUTE.—Let them be fresh, brief and strictly correct.

ESSEX, Pittsburgh.—Items will be acceptable.

C. G. P., Bridgeport, Ct.—It is a drawn bet.

E. A. WEILER, Hamilton, Ohio.—Five times.

G. G.—The figure five we believe.

SPORT, Washington, D. C.—We are not posted in that line.

W. W., Albany.—She was born in Havana, Cuba, in 1840.

T. W. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Omaha.

MEMPHIS.—Edwin is a widower.

EQUAL RIGHTS.—Isn't it a little singular that, while Congress and the various State Legislatures are busily engaged in discussing whiskey measures, and providing for the protection of manufacturers, dealers, and the rights of the government, not a single measure has been proposed for the safety and protection of the consumer? This is a point of vital importance, and one that should receive the immediate attention of our representatives. It is a well ascertained fact that the poor consumer is the victim of misplaced confidence in the whiskey trade, unscrupulous manufacturers and sellers dealing out the beverage in the shape of benzine, camphene and various other combustible and explosive fluids; and now we learn that whiskey is being manufactured from petroleum! What a fiery furnace an imbiber's stomach will be by and by! Can nothing be done to stay the destructive hand of the manufacturer, and prevent the consumer from being unconsciously converted into an oil cask? Think of it, Messrs. Congressmen—you who are favored with a pure article to enable you to see your way clear into the manufacturers' interest—and try to do a little for the general consumer. Think of a person swallowing coal oil for whiskey! Ugh! it's enough to make a man forswear the stuff forever. Camphene! Benzine! Petroleum! Deliver us from such evils, and we will ever pray.

"THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE."—A neatly printed book of 150 pages has just been issued under the above title, and, what is not always the case with new publications, the work in question is just what its title denotes—a guide to the showman, a valuable aid to agents, to traveling troupes, and, in fact, to all in any way connected with dramatic, circus, minstrel, or similar affairs. The work has been carefully compiled by Col. T. Allston Brown, an *attache* of this office, whose facilities for obtaining the necessary information for a work of this character are extended and varied, and possessed by but few outside of the CLIPPER office. Although this is the author's first effort in that line, we are pleased to say that he has performed his work well, and fulfilled all promises. The "Guide" contains the names of the principal halls in the United States, Canada and England, with amount of rent per night, charge for license, seating capacity, population of town, distances from stand to stand, etc., with much other information of value to the showman. As it is the only complete work of the kind ever published in this country it should meet with ready sale, for no one in the profession should be without a copy.

NEWS FACTORY.—We are glad to find that our recent exposure of the manufacture of "sporting news" by some of the unreliable dailies has had its effect, one little sheet, especially, having curtailed its manufactured "sporting intelligence" and gone more extensively into the sensation business. But we cannot look for a total reform in that quarter, as its proprietor is one of those who do *not* believe that "*honesty is the best policy.*"

BUMPED HIS OWN HEAD.—It is with great pain and regret that we notice in the French journals a report that the Emperor fell while skating recently, and bumped his forehead. The same paper relieves our anxiety by stating that he was not much hurt. [illegible] ample of the falling Emperor, and do the "forehead bump" movement in conjunction with the "inside edge."

THE MOYAMENSING HOSE COMPANY youths intend celebrating Easter Monday, April 13th, in a most enjoyable manner, by holding their annual dress ball at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. That all hands will have a good time is hardly to be doubted, and it is to be hoped that "Great Expectations" may be fully realized.

"CADY."—Its hard to understand woman. Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, editor of the *Revolution*, made a speech in Washington the other day in favor of Peace. How can she be for Peace, and lead the *Revolution?*

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.—Various temperance organizations of this city and vicinity are to have a grand celebration at Cooper Institute, on Saturday, Feb. 22d, in behalf of the Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots.

A FAST HORSE, with an excellent pedigree, named Samuel D. Patchen, is advertised for sale at a reasonable price in this week's CLIPPER. Any one wishing to secure a fast nag at a fair price has now an opportunity.

LIQUOR LAW.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature a bill has been introduced to repeal the Liquor Law passed at the last session.

THE WEED.—Fanny Fern advises her readers to give up the use of tobacco. Just so. She would have them eschew tobacco leaves and adopt the Fern.

NEW MAGAZINES are being started in all parts of the country. Some of them contain such quantities of combustible material that they soon explode.

MY!—In two weeks New Haven received over one hundred tons of hogs from Chicago. This is a new haven for the unclean animal. Chicago has a few more left of the same sort.

THE PRESIDENCY.—Ann Dickinson, we are told, backs up Chase for the Presidency. It is likely, then, to end in a stern Chase.

TWO HUNDRED AND NINE DIVORCES were granted last year in Chicago. That's not many for such a place.

QUESTIONABLE.—It is said that no one in Texas owns to having a watch. If true, then such people will bear watching.

THE AGE OF REASON—the middle age.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MRS. ROSE SKERRETT SHEWELL.

THIS lady was born in New York in 1840. Unheralded by puff or paragraph, announced by the barest modicum of advertising, Miss Skerrett made her *debut* at the Park Theatre. She at once became a great favorite with her audiences, who were delighted with her fresh, vigorous, enthusiastic style of acting. This lady was a great favorite at the Boston Museum. In 1859, she was at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, where she remained for the season. At the opening of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1860-61, she became a member of the company. As a private individual, her character is without a blemish; she is a lady of decided and original genius, of rare personal attractions, and in certain characters one of the most finished actresses on the stage. Was united in marriage on the 12th of November, 1860, at the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, to Mr. L. R. Shewell. Soon after her marriage she retired from the stage, but resumed it again.

WRESTLING MATCH ON THE TAPIS.—We are informed that a wrestling match for four hundred dollars was made one day last week between S. Roberts, the Englishman who for some time past has been anxious for some one to give him a tussle, and James Rice, of Brooklyn. The conditions are to wrestle collar and elbow, best two out of three falls. The toss for choice of place and day was won by Roberts, who named Wednesday, Feb. 5th, at the house of Jim Giddings, 280 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, where the match was consummated.

MATCH AT CHOPPING WOOD.—A couple of rival hewers of wood named Major, a Canadian, and Battles, of the Badger State, recently made a match to chop a pile of three cords of wood each for a stake of $80, at Wishawaka, Wis. They commenced at 11 o'clock, A. M., and after working 2¼ hours, Mr. Battles gave out from exhaustion. He had in that time, cut, split and piled 1¾ cords, and had half a cord logged. while Mr. Major had corded two cords with nearly half a cord logged. The Canadian was the winner.

BILLIARDS AT FORT WAYNE, IND.—A game of billiards was played at O'Connell's Rooms on the 23d ult., 500 points up, caroms, for a purse of $100, between George Bennet of Toledo, Ohio, and P. H. Fitzgerald of Fort Wayne. Fitzgerald won by 8 points only. The game was close and created considerable excitement. The largest runs for Fitzgerald were 65, 117, 42. Bennett's best runs were 36, 48, 67. Winner's average was 11 13-13.

THE RING.

ANOTHER SENSATION MATCH IN PROSPECTIVE
FOR THE
FEATHER WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AND $2,500 A SIDE.
DICK HOLLIWOOD COVERS KEATING'S FIFTY.

Bright and early upon the morning of the 28th ult., ere the ink had fairly dried upon the paper containing the bold challenge of Johnny Keating to any 108lb. or 110lb. man in the country, his old opponent, Dick Holliwood, trudged through the snow and slush to the CLIPPER Office, to speak for first chance against the Queen City feather-weight (late of Brooklyn), and a few hours afterwards called a second time and left half a century to cover the same amount which accompanied Johnny's *defi*, for a match upon the following conditions:—

NEW YORK, January, 28th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—In your issue of this morning appears a challenge from John Keating, of Cincinnati, O., and believing said challenge to be intended for me personally, permit me to state that I stand ready to make a match with Mr. Keating, at 108 lbs., for not less than twenty-five hundred dollars a side, three months from date of signing articles. As an earnest of my intentions, and a proof of my desire to have the first chance against Mr. Keating, I have this day deposited the sum of fifty dollars in the office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, leaving Mr. K. to send on articles of agreement for my perusal and signature. I shall, for my part, place no obstacle in the way of arriving at an amicable arrangement.

RICHARD HOLLIWOOD.

The reputation obtained by these bantams all over the country, by their fight at Gravesend, L. I., in January, 1864, which was one of the most honorable, exciting and scientific battles ever witnessed, although ending in a wrangle—through no fault of the principals, however—will ensure, should the match be consummated, an encounter worth journeying a long way to look at, and certainly invest the struggle with an unusual amount of interest, which will not be confined to one section, but will be shared by the admirers of this species of sport throughout Uncle Sam's domains. As some misunderstanding appeared to exist in reference to the causes which produced the unsatisfactory result of their engagement four years since, we herewith reproduce the remarks made by our reporter regarding the final round, from which the true facts of the case can be gleaned.

"46 and last. A rush at each other; Keating, who was getting weaker, making a hit at Dick, which he missed, and following the latter up, he rolled on the ropes, Dick having hold of him. The seconds of both crowded around, and, stooping over their charges, rendered it impossible for the referee to distinguish one man from the other without leaving his position and walking to the other side of the ring. Presently Clare and Dowd seized their man, and carrying him over to the referee, showed the imprint of teeth or nails on Keating's back, which they alleged Holliwood had done, vigorously claiming the fight. The referee, however, not having seen the act done, and unable to tell who did it, very properly refused to give a decision. The ring was then broken in and a crowd of angry and excited men clamored loudly for the referee's *fiat*, Keating's party swearing that Holliwood did it, and the other party that he did not, in the midst of which the official was unable to see what was done, the ring being completely filled. It is asserted that Keating was at once removed from the ring, and that Holliwood remained at his post several minutes. Be this as it may, it being imperative for the referee to see everything with his own eyes, and not other people's, he refused to give his decision on the ground, and the party, after some angry growling, scattered and made the best of their way toward Fort Hamilton, where they were met by the police, and another skedaddle was the consequence. Several arrests were made, including Holliwood."

Owing to Dick's trial being postponed to await the action of the Grand Jury, the friends of both parties subsequently persuaded them to draw their money, $300 a side. These men are very evenly matched in height, weight, age and qualifications essential to the boxer. Neither one has figured as a principal in the ring since '64, though Johnny was matched with Nobby Clarke in '65, but owing to Keating's arrest the stakes were drawn. As Dick has signified his readiness to accommodate Johnny for a sum sufficiently large to make it worth while battling for, all that remains to be done is for Keating to forward articles, signed and witnessed, for Holliwood's consideration, and if suitable, signature, which we have every reason for believing will be done without unnecessary delay. The public will await impatiently the consummation of pending negotiations, for it has always been a mooted question, oft argued, which is really the better man of the twain, and if the encounter in prospective is brought to a satisfactory conclusion it will forever settle the irritating dispute.

WHOLESALE INDICTMENT OF PUGILISTS.
JERSEY ALARMISTS IN COUNCIL.

In closing up their business for the term the Grand Jury of Hudson County, N. J., brought in a number of indictments against persons said to have been engaged in prize fights, which, are reported to have occurred in that State during the past year as principals, seconds, etc. This is one of the results of the publication in certain of the daily journals of this city of reports of encounters in the roped circle which never had any foundation in fact, but were manufactured to order for the purpose of giving a semblance of enterprise to those unreliable sheets, and putting a few dollars into the empty pockets of wandering, half famished Bohemians. That the authorities of Hudson County have unduly exercised themselves and exhibited uncalled for alarm in the premises, is apparent to all who are cognizant of the true state of the case; but now that they have taken action in the matter, past experience convinces us that summary measures will be adopted for the suppression of pugilistic displays, with or without the gloves, within their jurisdiction in future, as well as to secure the arrest and punishment of all who have during the past year desecrated the sacred soil of Jersey by indulging in the obnoxious sport. It [illegible] wide berth, or keep both eyes open to their fullest extent while within its limits.

May 7, 1867. Wm. Kelly and John Grady, between Guttenberg and Bull's Ferry. Seconds, Butt Riley, Bob Corcoran, Mickey Coburn and Billy McMullen.

June 27. Walter Adams, of Sixteenth street, New York, and Yates, of the Ninth Ward, New York, near Bergen Hill, between Hudson City and West Hoboken.

July 3. Mike Doolan and Jerry McLaughlin, both from the Eighth Ward, New York, near Fort Lee.

July 4. Bob Cartier and Tommy Boland, Bull's Ferry.

July 8. Teddy Thompson, of Jersey City, and Pat. Connor, of New York, Bergen Hill; referee, Stephen Daily.

July 11. Jerry Canley and Phil. Underhill, Seventeenth Ward, New York, Weavertown road; Duffy, referee.

July 11. C. H. Payne, of New York, and Johnny Tisdale, of Boston, near the Palisades.

July 14. Tommy McMullen, of Penny Bridge, South Brooklyn, and Mickey Dolan, of Hoboken, Hackensack road; Roach, referee.

July 13. Sparring exhibition at Mitchell's Hall, Union Hill; principals, Wells, McGovern, Johnny Grady, young Carman, Aleck Rice, Eddy Paton, Pete Donohue, Johnny Murphy and Johnny Whitney.

July 19. Tommy Maynard and Jack Burdett, from Mackerelville, N. Y., Palisades; seconds, John Walling, Patsey Cordes, Pat. Molloy and Jemmy Parkes.

Sunday, August 4. James Dudley and Patrick McCormick, near West Hoboken; referee, Teddy Smith.

September 3. Teddy Mack and Jim Glass, Weavertown road.

September 11. Jimmy Allen, of New York, and Patsey McCormick, near Hackensack.

November 10. Jim Watson, employed at the Long Dock, Jersey City, and Charley Price, in employ of the New Jersey Railroad Company, Shady Hollow.

December 18. Mickey Walsh and Tom Dunne, Union Hill; referee, Phil. Allen.

January 2, 1868. Tom Ryan and Teddy Burns, East Newark.

January 7. Mike McCalley, a Washington Market butcher boy, and Patsey McGeorge.

MORE PUGILISTS INDICTED.

We are sorry to learn that the selection of the ground in the Kelly and Collyer fight is likely to be the means of bringing all who were known to be present at that battle into trouble. Indictments have been made out against the principals and others, and the authorities of Pennsylvania are awaiting an opportunity to secure and make an example of them. It will be recollected that Collyer was decidedly opposed to going to the Keystone State to fight, in the face of the act passed a short time previous by the Legislature, but upon being assured that the spot chosen was neutral ground, and that unless he agreed to fight there he would certainly forfeit the amount of the stakes, nothing was left to him but to obey the mandate of the stakeholder. With the exception of Collyer, the parties indicted may be "safe" enough for a time, but as his business, as a member of the theatrical profession requires him to be continually traveling through the country, he is liable to be arrested at any time. Perhaps most of our readers are not aware that Johnny Ward, who fought the late Billy Farrell in Pennsylvania in '65, is now, and has been for about two years past, incarcerated in prison for that fight, and this of itself should have been warning enough to those who did know it. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that Collyer is very shy of engaging hereafter in a pugilistic contest within the limits of any State, the laws of which attach such heavy penalties thereto. Of course those who are willing to assume all risks are at liberty to do so, but these are the reasons given by Collyer for his course of action, and they appear to be rational enough. Before finishing we may as well say that it will be well for all who were on the ground in Chester County, on the 27th day of November last, to give Pennsylvania the go-by whenever possible, or else keep their optics wide open when business or pleasure takes them thither. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

A SWEEPING DEFI FROM SAM COLLYER.
HE WILL FIGHT ANY MAN IN THE WORLD AT 124LBS.

Owing to the various rumors flying around calculated to place this straightforward little boxer—whom so many appear anxious to fight—in a false position before the public, Sam Collyer sends us the subjoined challenge, accompanied by an order upon a responsible party for one hundred dollars, which shows exactly how he stands and what he is willing to do. Read it:—

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 3d, 1868.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—Before leaving this vicinity I wish to state plainly what my intentions are for the future in regard to the prize ring. I herewith declare myself ready to meet any 124lb. man in the country, and fight for from $1,000 to $5,000 a side in six months time from date of signing articles; the battle to take place in the State of Virginia or North Carolina. My sole reasons for naming the above States is because there is no law in existence rendering prize fighting a penal offence within their limits, whereas in most other States such laws do exist, and I have no desire to become liable to imprisonment, or to be the instrument of rendering others liable thereto, by violating the same. This proposition is to remain open two weeks from date, when, if not accepted, no notice will be taken of any challenge issued during my tour through the country.

Respectfully, SAM COLLYER.

P. S.—I send by bearer an order for the sum of $100 as forfeit to bind the match.

S. C.

REARDON'S JAMBOREE.—New Temperance Hall, Hamilton avenue and Hicks street, South Brooklyn, is the station, and Tuesday evening, 11th inst., the fixture for the testimonial benefit tendered the new arrival, Patsy Reardon. A telegram states that O'Baldwin, John Woods, of Boston, Jack Hicks, Luke Welsh, and Pete Daley, of Portland, Me., will be among those who will show for the undefeated stranger. Fifty cents is the democratic tariff all over the house.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.
COLLYER AND HICKEN MEET BUT FAIL TO AGREE.

Thursday afternoon, 30th ult., being the time fixed upon for the meeting between Sam Collyer and Abe Hicken, at Mike Henry's, Fulton street, Brooklyn. Collyer was his own spokesman, while Abe said very little, Jim Colbert and Toppy Maguire representing him, and two shrewder or more experienced generals in such matters you couldn't well find anywhere. After exchanging the customary greetings they got to business without delay, the first point taken up being the time, Sam claiming that, according to the terms of Hicken's challenge, he had the privilege of naming the time himself. Both Colbert and Hicken denied ever having authorized such a challenge, which may be all right as far as the former is concerned, but Ebenezer must have a very poor memory if he fails to recollect when he button-holed our reporter and gave him verbally the terms of the challenge in question. A long argument ensued, Sam stating that he was there to accept the challenge which had appeared over the signature of Hicken, and Colbert refusing to recognize the same because he was unaware of its publication. While the argument continued, Colbert proposed to fight on the same ground as Coburn and McCoole, two days before their battle, or ditto with Keating and Holliwood, but Collyer wouldn't agree to fight in less than six months, because, as he said, his engagements wouldn't allow of it. Finally Hicken's representatives consented to fight in July, and that point was settled, only, however, to give place to a still more knotty one, which was the rock upon which they split. This was the fighting ground, Collyer wishing to have it take place in Virginia or North Carolina, and advancing as reasons therefor the fact that no law existed in those States rendering it a penal offence to engage in a prize fight within their borders. To this the other party totally refused to agree, mentioning as reason the trouble experienced in the Kelly and Collyer mill—which, however, had nothing to do with the *locale* selected—the danger of going through New Jersey or Pennsylvania to a fight, and the fact that the New York party had gone there thrice already. Colbert then proposed to fight in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio Indiana, Michigan, or he would go to Canada.

Colbert then said he would agree to go to Virginia providing Collyer would agree to proceed from this port in the same boat with Hicken. But this Sam refused to do, not that he wished to take any advantage of his opponent, but he always trained in Virginia and it was too far for him to come merely for the purpose of going back again. If they gave him ten days notice he would guarantee to be there or forfeit the money. Another stormy debate took place upon this point, during which some asserted that Collyer didn't want to fight, to which the latter responded that he wasn't particularly anxious, but if Hicken was so very desirous to fight him, he thought he would go to the place he mentioned. Colbert next proposed to toss for choice, but Sam wouldn't risk this, stating that he had mentioned the only conditions upon which he would make the match. Collyer also alluded to the weight given in Hicken's original *defi*, 124lbs. to 128lbs., claiming his right to select whichever he chose, which the other side passed over without argument. After another long and hot-worded dispute over this the party separated. Elsewhere in this column will be seen a card from Collyer, to which we call attention. As Abe seems anxious to fight, why don't some of the other light weights tackle him?

A RING ENCOUNTER PREVENTED BY THE POLICE.

A match for some days past has agitated the minds of those of the sporting public who were admitted to the confidence of the projectors. The principals to the affair are George Cheer, lately arrived from the shores of Albion, where he fought several times, and "Punch" Morris, who was defeated near Boston, Mass., in 1862, by Billy Donnelly, and the match grew out of a discussion and conflict of opinions in regard to which of the pair got the best of a set-to they had at Tom Kelly's exhibition at 600 Broadway. Morris then and there dared Cheer to combat with naked fists for a purse, which the latter promptly accepted, and wanted to have a settlement the following morning. To this Punch at first assented, but upon adjournment being had to the "Gem," Morris was *non est*, and it was thought that that would be the last of the affair. Not so, however, for a few days afterward a meeting was held and an agreement entered into to fight for a purse of $200. The matter was kept very quiet, no one, in fact, knowing where the precise *locale* of the mill was until noon of the day of battle. It was the intention to bring the affair to an issue in a room in the metropolis, but all efforts in that direction proving unavailing, as a last resort a spot situated in the suburbs of Gotham was chosen. This wasn't what the "managers" had calculated upon at all, for, besides necessitating additional expense in getting there, it promised to materially lessen the receipts accruing from the fistic display. Bound to have it off, if possible, however, they swallowed their disappointment and made preparations for the journey. It was necessary to use sleighs to get to the scene of action, and this was the main cause of the interference, for the sight of half a dozen sleighs crowded with familiar faces, leaving different sporting houses about the same time, naturally attracted the attention of the lynx-eyed members of the locust battalion, and made them suspicious of something of the sort being in the wind. The publicity of the spot chosen, especially during the height of the sleighing carnival, was another cause which aided in producing an unsatisfactory result. In due time on the afternoon of Friday, 31st ult., a number of the better class of sporting men proceeded in sleighs to the rendezvous, and shortly after four o'clock it was announced that the ring had been erected in a small barn, which was quickly besieged by an anxious throng, numbering about one hundred. Three-fourths of them had passed in their "greens" into the keeping of a prominent sporting man, who guarded the door, and everything looked *couleur du rose* for a snug little engagement, when the startling cry of "police," "police," was raised, and sure enough upon glancing out of the door a *posse* of blue-coats were seen advancing at full speed, flourishing their clubs and threatening vengeance dire. This caused a sudden skedaddle in all directions, although there was no necessity for it, as no violation of the laws had as yet been committed. Nothing was left to be done but to return to the city, and, after drowning their sorrows, to some extent, in the flowing bowl, the party jumped into their four-in-hands and cutters and took the back track, endeavoring to make up for their disappointment by occasional brushes on the road, singing, bandying jokes, etc. A second attempt was made to bring it off at a sporting house in Brooklyn the following day, but the police got wind of it and they failed to bring matters to a focus. Other arrangements were made to have the fight take place in a room on the night of the 2d inst., but now a fresh difficulty presented itself in the mysterious disappearance of Morris, who couldn't be found anywhere, though diligent search was made for him. Thus the matter now stands.

AARON JONES IN COURT.

A rather spicy scene occurred at the Police Court in Cincinnati, O., a few days since, in which Aaron Jones figured as defendant, being charged with threatening to take improper liberties with the physiognomy and other portions of the anatomy of a certain Mr. Cudworth, who keeps a cheap boot and shoe store in Vine street in that city. The prosecuting witness was not in a very favorable condition to give a lucid account of the circumstances attending the case, but he managed to say that he was afraid of the burly, big fisted boxer—afraid of his life being taken; that on the day named in the warrant he had gone down to his own saloon, No. 177 Vine street, and told Jones that he no longer required his services, and that Jones had replied by telling him that he was not in his employ—that he, the witness, had no right in the house. The fact is that the testimony of the witness was incomprehensible throughout, and failed entirely to make out a case. Two or three other witnesses were called, but the worst they heard Jones say in the way of a threat was to call Cudworth a thief. Jones laughed quite *visibly* when Cudworth swore that his life was in jeopardy, and was afraid of Jones because he was a fighting man and he wasn't. The case was dismissed. The difficulties between the parties we understand to be as follows:—Cudworth's money started Jones in business—that is, made him "at home" at No. 177 Vine street. Aaron's name was to be an offset to Cudworth's money, which was to keep up the stock, etc., and the pair to share the profits—Aaron to account to Cudworth every night. For a while matters worked very smoothly, and everything was as happy as the summer birds among the summer flowers. At length a night came when Aaron, from some cause or other, neglected to show his books, in which neglect he continued for several nights in succession. Cudworth came to the conclusion that he couldn't stand this any longer, and looking upon the saloon as his own particular property, walked in one evening and told Jones that he had no further use for his services. Jones thought he had as much right to the place as Cudworth, and refused to abdicate, and there the matter remains. Meanwhile, Aaron has possession and announces himself "at home."

ANOTHER TALK BETWEEN DWYER AND RILEY.—Ever since Johnny Dwyer's set-to with the "notorious" Butt Riley in the City of Churches, that affair has furnished food for animated discussions at the various houses where the sporting element most do congregate. Although but a "select" audience was present at the settling of their first *emeute*, should they come together again, the meeting, which may eventually come to pass, would attract an immense crowd. At a convention of sports held at a drum in Brooklyn on the afternoon of the 30th ult., Hugh and John met by chance, the usual way, when the old Warren Hall grudge came up again, and, between drinks, the cause and effect of the same was pretty warmly discussed, each claiming to have had a leetle the best of it, and thinking that, in case they had it over again, there would be no question as to which was the better man of the two. The breaking up of the meeting put an end, for the time being, to the exchange of left-handed compliments, when matters looked encouraging for a second scrap, Hugh and the backer of "thorough-breds" returning to the metropolis, and Johnny wending his way homewards.

O'BALDWIN AND HICKS.—With the exception of Providence, R. I., these boxers appear to have done a land office business wherever they have showed during their tour through the puritanical section. They gave an exhibition at the Temple, Portsmouth, N. H., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 28th, and reaped many greenbacks thereby, the house being filled to repletion. J. C. Cross officiated as master of ceremonies, and although he found considerable difficulty in pairing a sufficient number of boxers to while away the evening he did his part well. In addition to O'Baldwin, Hicks and Welsh, the list of sparrers embraced Harry Williams, Pat Kelly, Jim Mates, Mike Buckley and a couple of others unknown to fame. They gave another exhibition in Portland, Me., last week, and added materially to their store of the collateral thereby. They were expected to return to the metropolis during the latter part of the current week.

MIKE NOONAN'S NIGHT.—The boys will bear in mind the fact that the above mentioned Brooklyn light-weight presents his claims for the first time in several years, at the Opera House, 600 Broadway, on Thursday evening, 6th inst. Aside from the talent who have volunteered, other items of interest will transpire upon the occasion.

JIMMY DWYER.—A telegram from Salt Lake City, Utah, informs us that Jimmy Dwyer, who beat Patsy Foy, J. Redmond and John Condle Orem, was shot by a man named Kelly, on January 25, and the wound was considered dangerous.

AMONG THE CANUCKS.—Bill Ryall and Tom Allen were at Toronto, C. W., at last accounts. They've been "doin' well in this country."

WHO IS HE?—An aspirant for fistic honors, styling himself "the Unknown," is announced to give an exhibition at No. 952 Third Avenue, on the evening of February 8th.

MCCOOLE IN CLEVELAND.—The Western Hercules, Mike of the Mississippi, is slowly wending his way westward, harvesting the coriandes as he goes. He was announced to take a benefit at Cleveland, O., on the evening of the 1st inst. Bill Davis, Johnny Mackey, Charley Gallagher and others, were to assist.

THAT PROVIDENCE AFFAIR AGAIN.
ROOKE'S LETTER CONTRADICTED BY O'BALDWIN AND WATTS.

Concerning the causes which brought about the lamentable failure of the recent badly managed testimonial to O'Baldwin and Hicks, at Providence, R. I., and about which our readers have received several versions, we are in receipt of the appended brace of communications from the parties principally interested, which in justice to them we publish; leaving the public to draw their own conclusions, and as each party has had "his say" the pen controversy must now close:—

PORTLAND, ME., Feb. 1st, 1868.

ED. N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir.*—I thought it unnecessary to reply to your correspondent's letter reflecting on my own management of the O'Baldwin and Hicks affair in Providence, but when George Rooke charges Mr. O'Baldwin with partly being the cause of the fizzle, and wrongfully accuses him of acting an ungentlemanly part towards him and the citizens of Providence, I must deny the majority of those statements. I would not have advertised Providence when I discovered sparring would not be allowed there, had not Rooke said his influence with the musical artists of that place was such that he could obtain volunteers enough for the purpose. How he succeeded, O'Baldwin and Hicks know to their sorrow. The statement that he paid the charges on O'Baldwin's baggage is untrue, said baggage being at the same time under my charge at the United States Hotel in Boston. Mr. Rooke also states that I authorized him to announce O'Baldwin's arrival in the daily papers, which is also untrue. Rooke did, on his own responsibility, attract customers to his bar. I suggested to him what a bad effect it would have to announce the *certain* arrival of O'Baldwin and Hicks at a specified time. The reason O'Baldwin and party remained in Boston was simply because he fancied it would be better that the least seen of him before the night of exhibition would be the better for himself pecuniarily, as the people were required to pay their money to see him present himself upon the stage, make his bow and retire. To Mr. Rooke, for his kindness to me while in Providence, I return my thanks. It is simply to correct the false statements made by him in reference to Ned O'Baldwin, that causes me to write this.

WM. R. WATTS.

PORTLAND, ME., February 1st, 1868.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir.—I am sorry that George Rooke has attempted to shield his own trickings by endeavoring to place the blame of the Providence fizzle on me. From what I can understand of the matter the arrangements were made by Rooke himself to make money out of it. He advertised me to be exhibited for nothing at his own bar-room for two days, and I could be seen on the third day for fifty cents. When I arrived at Providence, accompanied by John Woods, of Boston, and saw the peculiar aspect of affairs I at once declined to be made a show off for Mr. Rooke's pecuniary benefit. And for his other statements regarding my baggage, &c., &c., they are a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. Mr. Rooke, I consider, has used me very ungentlemanly, and when we meet I shall certainly require an explanation.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD O'BALDWIN.

LITTLE MILL IN NEW ENGLAND.—We are informed that a couple of aspirants for pugilistic glory, named Harvey A. Stevens, of Manchester, and Bill Davis, of Concord, N. H., fought for a purse a few miles from the former place, during the week ending Jan. 16th. Harry won in 17 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 20 minutes.

THE MCLEAN AND KERRIGAN-IMBROGLIO.—The wrangle between these old time friends, but now bitter enemies, seems as far from settlement as when they first fell out. Billy called upon us again last week, and stated that he could raise $200, and would fight Dan for that amount, a side, whenever the latter felt inclined. If this don't fetch a favorable response, here let the matter rest.

THE CHAMPION AMONG THE QUAKERS.—Joe Coburn has secured the Atlantic Garden, Callowhill street, below Fifth, Philadelphia, where he proposes giving a grand sparring entertainment on the evening of Tuesday next, 11th inst. He informs us that in addition to other well known boxers who will perform, he will wind-up with the Irish Giant, Ed. O'Baldwin.

THE MITTENS IN HARLEM.—A sparring and olio entertainment is to be given at Harlem Hall, Third avenue and 115th street, on Monday evening next, 10th inst., for the benefit of Tommy Meekin, of Brooklyn, and Jack Coleman.

JOHNNY MACKEY'S PLACE.—This jovial man of science *pugilistique* is now firmly established as a boniface in the Forrest City, and wayfarers who wish anything in the bibible line thereaway will know his place by the sign bearing the magic letters "Clipper Shades." For address see his card elsewhere in this department.

PATSEY SHEPPARD will shortly go into training at the Inwood Hotel, located on the Jerome Park Road and presided over by Rockey Moore.

JOHNNY KEATING is now located in the Queen City, where he is giving sparring lessons.

☞ We have letters for Patsy Sheppard, Marcellus Baker, Tom McAlpine, Sam Collyer and John Heenan.

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COCKING.

RETURN MAIN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LONG ISLAND.
THE TABLES TURNED.

A secluded spot in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, the existence of which is known to few besides those who make the spot one of their hobbies, was visited by a fair sized gathering of the more select class of sporting men on the evening of the 28th ult., attracted by the fixture for the return main between the feathered warriors of New York and Long Island, the first of which took place in Jersey a week prior, and terminated in favor of the representatives of the latter. Each side were called upon to show thirteen birds, weighing from five pounds four ounces to four pounds two ounces, and fight all that fell in for $50 each battle and $500 the main, the rules being the same as those governing the previous contest. At the conclusion of the ceremony of weighing in and matching, which occupied an hour and twenty minutes, it was announced that nine matches had been effected. All the birds appeared to be in fine condition, in which respect there was no choice between them, and the betting was, consequently, at evens before the inauguration of the sport. The apparent superiority of the New Yorker, a brown red, with yellow hackle, over his rival, a blue red, with same color of hackle, changed the speculation in the first battle to odds of five to three in his favor. For sixteen minutes the fighting was of the most terrible description, New York having the best of it at first, but his opponent fought in so fast and furious a manner, displaying unflinching pluck, that the odds changed to ten to eight, and he finally came off triumphant, although covered with ghastly looking wounds. The next encounter was of brief duration, owing to an injury sustained by Long Island in piercing one of his own legs, which rendered him almost powerless to inflict punishment, and New York was proclaimed the winner, according to rules, his opponent being "pounded." Long Island took the lead at once in the third battle, and finally placed his rival beyond the power of continuing by a thrust in the eye, after which he was pounded. The fourth battle fell to the portion of New York, the fighting being quick and effectual, and the Long Island bird ultimately showing the white feather after having his throat cut and his brain pierced by the glittering steel gaff. The next pair were splendid looking birds, strong, active and pretty equally matched, and, as had been anticipated by the connoisseurs, fought with the utmost gameness and obstinacy. Although Long Island was severely injured by a cut in the leg shortly after commencing, which evidently caused him acute pain and greatly interfered with his prospect of victory, he continued to fight on, returning cut for cut with surprising pluck for the space of forty-four minutes, when the New York handler obtained the count and was awarded the victory. It was unquestionably one of the finest battles ever witnessed, and the excitement among the spectators as it progressed was intense. New York now held a lead of one in the three battles contested, and the betting among the enthusiastic spectators was more spirited than before; New York having the call at trifling odds. The thrusts of the Long Islander were dexterously eluded for a few moments, when at the first essay New York hit his opponent in the throat, opening an ugly gash, from which the red current coursed. This staggered him for the nonce, but recovering, he dashed to work once more, only, however, to be in the end obliged to bite the dust before the fierce onslaught of his rival, greatly to the joy of the Gothamites.

As the next couple were pitted the betting ruled in favor of New York, 25 to 15 on the main and 10 to 6 on the battle, the latter offers being generally accepted. The birds were each of the same color and weight, which caused the bettors to look sharp in order to remember which was which as they fought courageously and revengefully, from side to side of the pit, dealing thrust for thrust, and biting, tearing and cutting breast, body and throat. After eighteen minutes incessant fighting the New Yorker was killed by a plunge in the brain—a result which gave confidence to the supporters of the winner and caused their prospects to brighten. The superiority of the Long Island fowl was quickly manifested in the eighth contest, for although the New Yorker was game, he didn't possess the strategy or quickness of his opponent, who plunged his glistening gaff deep into his breast and throat without sustaining material injury, clapping the climax with a cut in the head, which, penetrating the brain, terminated the existence of the Gotham representative amid the shouts and cheers of the Long Islanders. The deciding point had now been reached, the score standing four to four, with the speculation slightly in favor of the metropolitan champion at first, but ruling at evens, when the combatants were placed in the pit face to face. After eyeing each other a few seconds, the New Yorker took the initiative with a plunge in the throat, for which he received a severe cut in the breast, and another on the wing. The conflict was of the most deadly character, each bird standing up to the rack with that unflinching courage so charateristic of the thorough-bred game fowl, jumping and slashing until the flesh of their breasts and other portions exposed to the attack were torn into shreds, their eyes struck from their sockets, and their legs refused to support them. Finally, the handler of the New York fowl obtained the count, and his antagonist showing no disposition to renew the terrific struggle, which exhaustion and loss of blood had incapacitated him from doing, the main was decided in favor of the former after they had been fighting *forty-seven minutes*. This ended another of the most important mains, characterized by the excellence of the fighting qualities of the chickens engaged, and the order maintained by those present. The sport commenced a few minutes past 9 o'clock, P. M., and continued until nigh three o'clock the following morning. Subjoined is a table showing the breed of fowls, time occupied etc.:—

New York.	*Long Island.*	*Won by*	*Time.*
1—5 lb. 4 oz., br. r..	5 lb. 4 oz., b. r.	Long Island	16:00
2—4 lb. 2 oz., w. p..	4 lb. 2 oz., bl. r.	New York	9:00
3—4 lb. 11 oz., bl. r..	4 lb. 11 oz., bl. r.	Long Island	12:00
4—5 lb. 1 oz., p	5 lb. 1 oz., l. r.	New York	9:00
5—4 lb. 15 oz., bl. r..	4 lb. 15 oz., bl. r.	New York	44:00
6—4 lb. 7 oz., br. r..	4 lb. 7 oz., bl. r.	New York	20:00
7—5 lb. —— bl. r..	5 lb. —— bl. r.	Long Island	18:00
8—5 lb. 1 oz., bl. r..	5 lb. —— bl. r.	Long Island	13:00
9—5 lb. 2 oz., p.	5 lb. —— bl. r.	New York	47:00

Total.—New York, 5; Long Island, 4.

CHALLENGE.—We are in receipt of a challenge, unaccompanied by a deposit, from Joseph Wingate, of East Rochester, N. H., offering to fight any man in the Granite State a main of 9, 11 or 13 cocks, for $20 a battle, and $200 the main.

SKATING.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The snow which commenced to fall in fine flakes on Sunday night, 26th inst., and by the next morning had covered the ground and everything exposed with a fleecy carpet of silvery whiteness, continued until Wednesday morning, 29th ult., by which time the snow was several inches deep. This did away for the nonce with skating carnivals, but in lieu of it gave those who delight in the companion sport of gliding over the crisp sheen, wrapped warmly up in buffalo robes and furs behind a spanking team, a dashing four-in-hand, or snugly ensconced in "sleighs for two," a chance. Gay and festive times have been the order on the Bloomingdale Road, Harlem Lane and other fashionable thoroughfares, and young and old, whose pockets were plethoric enough to withstand the exorbitant charges for these vehicles, have indulged in the merry, spirit-elevating amusement, greatly to the delight of the bazaar proprietors and caterers for the welfare of the inner man along the road. The sleighing was never better in this vicinity than it has been for four days past. The ponds were cleared off and the ball up again at all the ponds on the 30th ult., since which time the sport on steel runners has been kept up from early morn until late at night. The weather is still snapping cold, the ice in splendid condition, and there is every prospect of fine sport for some days to come.

The Gentleman's Match at Mitchell's.—The oft-postponed match at the Fifth avenue Park, opened to all except members of the New York club, was decided on the afternoon of the 31st ult., and proved a successful affair in every respect. The principal prize of the three offered was a *fac simile* of the working model of a skating shoe and skate presented to Miss Bedell, in ebony and gold, suspended from a gold plate. It is valued at $ 50. The second prize was a pair of Barney and Berry's skates, and the third a handsome pair of Smith's club skates. The contestants were five in number, viz: James Mead, Charley Bearman, Alex. Martin, Griffiths and Avery; Conkling, Holden and Helger drawing out. Martin, a Canadian, came at the eleventh hour, an almost total stranger to the club. A very large attendance of ladies and gentlemen were present to see the sport, while the heights were crowded by the rising generation, who didn't pay a cent for the privilege of looking on. Messrs Jenkins, Cook and Cheeseman acted as judges, and at 4 o'clock P. M. the contest commenced. The result, after a prolonged and exciting contest, was as follows: Mead, 105; Martin, 98; Bearman, 94.

Ice-Boat Race.—The patrons of the Satellite Pond, Williamsburgh, L. I., were favored with the view of an ice-boat race on the afternoon of the 30th ult., between the Kane and Franklin. The novel craft are of triangular shape, 39 feet in circumference, having masts 18 feet high, sails of 13 feet hoist and 17 feet beam, with a gaff of 9 feet, and weighing 800 lbs. each. The Franklin took a decided lead, but her captain falling overboard while luffing too suddenly, the Kane went ahead.

Jersey City Championship.—A match for the championic honors of Jersey City and Hoboken, N. J., will be skated between Charlie Bearman and Gil Totten, on the Jersey City Lake, on the afternoon of the 4th inst.

Ball Matches on the Ice.—The weather proving favorable last week, several base ball matches, which have been talked of for some time past, were decided on the ponds in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, all of them attracting a fair attendance of spectators. The most important was a six innings game played on the Union Pond on the 1st inst., between the Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, and an equal number selected from the New York Skating Club—eleven on each side. The Atlantics were all fine players, but were not so much at home on the ice as their opponents, who defeated them by a count of 20 to 19 after an exciting game......On the 31st ult. the Fulton and Eckford Clubs had a tussle on the Satellite Pond, which the Eckfords won by a total of 35 to 34, playing ten men each and five innings......The first game of the season took place between the Empires and Eagles, at the Satellite Pond, on the 28th ult. The former won by a total of 38 to 17.......The Empire and Eckford Clubs play at this pond on Thursday, 6th inst.......Negotiations are pending for a match between picked nines, New York vs. Hoboken, N. J., the latter challenging. The Jersey players will be selected from Messrs. Bearman, Shrives, Beadle, Hatfield, George Wright, Reed, Miller, Sebring, Perry, Goodspeed, Spealman, Hicks and Nestler. Address P. J. Shrives, 305 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, N. J.

The Championship.—The third tilt in the series of contests for the skating championship between those noted experts, E. T. Goodrich and Frank Swift, took place at the West Side Rink, Chicago, Ill., and resulted in favor of the former by a score of 25 to 23. Messrs. Lord, Cunningham and Offerman were the judges. A very large crowd in attendance.

The Meagher Brothers, Canadian skaters, appeared before the Philadelphia public, at Eastwick Park, on Saturday, Feb. 1st, and, by their extraordinary manœuvres on the ice, created quite an excitement. They remained at the Park for a long time, yet diversified their performances in such a manner as never to become tiresome. They are to appear again this week.

Helger, the one-leggist, is the attraction at the Arctic Skating Park, Philadelphia. Where is "Santa Anna," the Philadelphia one-legged skater? Wouldn't he and Helger make an attractive team in a match?

A Young Lady Skates Thirty Consecutive Hours.—Miss Annie Clara Jagerisky, a young lady seventeen years of age, and of Bohemian parentage, residing at Detroit, Mich., accomplished, at 9 o'clock on the evening of January 26th, the arduous feat of skating for thirty consecutive hours without sleep, and only thirty minutes' rest. The feat was commenced at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th ult., and until the last hour of the trial she skated without apparent exertion, but at that time was thrown violently upon the ice by a collision with an awkward youth, sustaining a severe injury to one knee that well nigh concluded the affair; but with genuine pluck she persisted in continuing, and, despite a lameness and severe swelling of the limb, accomplished the undertaking in the presence of nearly 1,500 spectators. During the last hour snow fell incessantly, but by the use of brooms a space about four yards in width and forty yards in length was kept clear. When time was called she bade adieu to her attendants and darted around the open space with great rapidity, receiving the plaudits of the spectators.

BILLIARDS.

Cyrille Dion will Play Robert T. Ryall.—The left-handed player who holds the champion cue of the Canadas, furnishes us with the following, in response to the Philadelphian's proposition, made in December last, for a home-and-home match at the regular American game. Dion, it will be seen, will play as Ryall wishes, though he would prefer to bar the push shot:—

Montreal, Jan. 27, 1868.

Sir:—Owing to my time being taken up in connection with the burning of my brother's and my own rooms, I have been unable to spare even the time necessary to complete a match, which, from the tenor of Mr. Ryall's proposition in your paper last month, leads me to believe will be most acceptable to him.

I am both anxious and willing to play him a home-and-home match, for $250 a side each game, one game on a carom table, and the other on a four-pocket table, both of them full sized, both to be the regular American carom game, 1,500 points up. The first game to be played in Philadelphia on the four-pocket table, and the other in Montreal on the carom table. I should suggest, as more in accordance with the spirit of the age, that we play both games on the four-pocket second-size table, push-shot barred, as it undoubtedly is becoming the favorite game of all classes of billiard-players on this continent.

If the forgoing suits Mr. R.'s views—and I have no doubt it will—on communication with me we will at once proceed with the match, I am, sir, your ob't servant, Cyrille Dion.

A Stirring Contest in Prospect.—A very liberal offer has just been made by Chris. O'Connor, for a match, the proceeds of which are to be turned over to the family of the dead billiard player, Joseph N. White. He proposes to back Melvin Foster, of this city, against Joseph Dion, of Montreal, the game to be 1,500 points, caroms, for $500 or $1 000, at Dion's option, and played at the Academy of Music. Foster has expressed a willingness to play, and it is thought that Dion will make a match on the above terms. If not, we presume that Mr. O'Connor's offer will be open to any other player.

Private Billiard Tables.—Among the dignitaries who have recently had billiard tables set up in their dwellings are T. B. Peterson, the publisher; R. M. Hooley, the minstrel, and William M. Tweed, the politician.

Returned from the West.—H. W. Collender returned on the 3d inst, from his intended western and south-western trip. *En route* from Chicago to St, Louis and Cincinnati, he was accompanied by that fine billiard player, Thomas Foley, ex-champion of Illinois and general western agent for Phelan & Collender.

Nelms vs. Ryall.—These two distinguished billiardists played a match on the 30th ult., at John Fiegel's saloon, in the Quaker City. Ryall finally gained the victory by a score of 1,000 to 871.

The Great Match in Connecticut.—We learn that the match at the four-ball game, 1,500 points up, between L. W. Simonds of Danbury, and Matthew H Hewins of Hartford, for $1,000, will take place at Music Hall, New Haven, on the 4th of March next. There is not the slightest question as to which of the two is the superior player; but there is a grave doubt as to whether Simonds can, as he has bound himself to do, give Hewins the steep odds of 500 points On the 4th of March, however, we shall see.

BALL PLAY.

The Coming Season.—As usual, the papers are busily engaged in manufacturing "nines" for first-class clubs for the approaching season. We are told by the wide-awake reporter that Jimmy Doeskin is to play with the Atlantics, while another equally reliable writer annexes him to the Mutuals. Carthorse, we are told, is to leave the Union, and set up a nine for himself. "Sensy" is to catch behind for the "Bully Boys;" Mac Brian is to play short with a club in Macon, Georgia; while I. Norton Skimpole, is to lead the Champions on to victory. Jim McDevitt's team will visit California to play a match with "All Pacific," while a nine composed of the best of the Athletics, Atlantics, Mutuals and Unions are to visit England for the purpose of exhibiting "our National Game" in all its beauties. All of which (it is scarcely necessary to say to the well-informed readers of the Clipper) is bosh, and manufactured for the unreliables, whose readers swallow everything that is offered them. At the proper time, we will give reports of all the changes making and to be made, as well as make reference to the most important games to be played during the season. It is too early yet to open the ball.

Keystone Club of Philadelphia.—The following officers of the Keystone Base Ball Club were elected on Thursday evening, Jan. 30th, to serve for the present year: President, J. H. Lynch; Vice President, Henry Knorr; Corresponding Secretary, Joseph Gwynn; Recording Secretary, Alex. Watt; Treasurer, James J. Barr; Directors, Wm. Dick, Wm. Manning and Wm. Deal.

The Atlantics and their Southern Tour.—The Atlantics will start on their trip to the South sometime in February. They have received a cordial invitation from the clubs of New Orleans, and will go direct to that place. They intend to visit several other cities on their trip, and will be gone four or six weeks. They have also received an invitation from the ball clubs of Macon, Ga., in a letter sent through the Clipper office, asking them to visit their city. The ex-champions are getting themselves in good trim for their excursion, and when they return in March will be in fighting condition for next season. At a late meeting John Chapman and Thomas Pratt, two of their old champion nine, again connected themselves with this club.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A Customer for Harding, Maybe.—We are in receipt of a communication signed "Johnny Foster, of Aldershot, England," proposing to run any man in the States, a distance of one, two or three miles, for $1,000 a side, preferring W. E. Harding to all others. The challenger professes to have come over in the steamer Russia lately, which may be so, but the document has a suspicious appearance. However, we give it for what it is worth, hoping that it may turn out all right, for everybody here is desirous of seeing with their own eyes what Harding can do.

Match in Cleveland, O.—William Johnson and Bob Wood have been matched to run half a mile for $300 a side at Cleveland, O., on the 1sth inst. Johnny Mackey is stakeholder.

Race Against Time.—Ed. W. Moulton, a novice, ran a quarter of a mile in 57 seconds at Minneapolis, Minn., on the 17th ult., in a match against time it is said. It is also stated that he can make 100 yards in 10 seconds without any preparation.

Tall Jumping, if True.—A correspondent writing from New Paris, Ohio, states that a man in Winchester, in that State, recently cleared the distance of *forty-two feet* in three standing jumps, averaging fourteen feet to the jump, and that he can do it again, for money, if any of our jumpers feel inclined to test his powers. As this far eclipses the best jump hitherto recorded, if he can really accomplish it he has a chance to make a stack of postal currency. Will not Way Bortle, or some of our prominent "leapers" give him a trial?

Sailors on the Loose.—A couple of jolly Jack tars, named Hank Burns and Bill Joseph, *alias* "Portugese Bill," ran a mile race at Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 29th, for the fun of the thing, and grog for the boys. The former came off triumphant by twelve feet in 5:30.

Adsetts Talks English to Fisher.—W. H. Adsetts states that if Bob Fisher, of Phillipsburg, Pa, is willing to back up his verbal challenge to him (Adsetts) to run 125 yards for $500 a side, he can be accommodated; and, if the sum isn't large enough, as much more as he can raise.

Didn't Take Place.—The race that was to take place at Reading, Pa., on the 27th ult., between W. H. Adsetts, of New York, and E. Williams, of Pottsville, Pa., did not come off, Williams declining to run in consequence of the bad state of the ground. A large concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the race and were greatly disappointed.

Another Patriotic Pedestrian.—Serg't Gilbert H. Bates, of Wisconsin, recently made a wager to carry the stars and stripes from Vicksburg, Miss., to Washington, D. C., unarmed and without money. He started upon his somewhat hazardous journey at 11 o'clock A. M. on the 28th ult., a large concourse of people, headed by the Mayor, Council, and many prominent citizens with a brass band, accompanying him as far as the Grant-Pemberton monument, where they bade him farewell with good wishes.

Wants to Run 100 Yards.—John Greenan, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes us to say that he will make a match with Powell, of same place, to run one hundred yards for $100 or $200 a side, to start by report of pistol. An answer through the Clipper will be attended to.

Teddy Mills to Harding.—Jack Goulding called upon us before going to press with a letter from W. Price, Teddy Mills, backer, the purport of which is that he (Price) will match Mills or some other runner in Britain against W. E. Harding for $5,000 a side, but does not state whether he will make a home-and-home match. Harding informs us that he stands ready to make the match according to the terms of his original challenge, and none other. Let Harding put up a deposit and this will prove to those on the other side that he means business, and be the quickest way to bring about a meeting. Goulding, who represents Price, will meet Harding at this office at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th inst., when some arrangement may be made.

CANINE.

CANINE SPORT IN KENTUCKY.

A well known pit in the First Ward, Louisville, Ky., was filled in every nook and corner, on the night of the 28th ult., by a miscellaneous gathering of humanity, assembled to witness an exhibition embracing ratting, canine matches, wild cat and coon baiting—the most extensive exhibition, perhaps, which ever took place in that section. About five hundred of the long-tailed squeakers were provided for demolition by twenty-three dogs. J. H. Wilson's dog, Fred Bishop, 7lb. 8oz, won the first prize, a handsome collar, by killing the greatest number in fifteen seconds. Next was a show for the finest black and tan terrier, which Wilson also won. A five dollar bill was then offered to the dog making the best turn up for ten minutes, which was awarded to Sheppard's white and brindle. The coon was now brought in and placed in a spout in the form of a stovepipe elbow, which was laid in the pit; the coon entering at one end and the dog at the other. The exhibition did not go off as well as had been anticipated, the dog showing a greater disposition to keep at a respectful distance and bark than to make both ends meet by clinching the coon. Finally, while they were shaking them up, the coon got out, and after a long chase for him through the audience, they concluded to give it up. The feature of the entertainment now came in the shape of a wild-cat bait. The cat, which was a monster, was pitted against any dog not over 22 lbs. He was attached to a chain pinned in the middle of the pit, long enough to permit him to reach the walls around it. At first sight of him the owners of the dogs could scarcely hold them, so eager were they to worry the cat. The latter, however, stood in the ring quite unconcerned, watching the several dogs in the hands of their owners, his eyes glistening like two balls of fire. The first dog thrown in rushed on the cat, but was floored instantly, and yelped until he got loose, when he jumped over the bulwarks of the pit, followed by the cat. Another little terrier tried it with the same result, and several good fighting dogs took fright as soon as they saw their opponent and fled the ring yelping piteously. The terrible paws of the cat lacerated the flesh of the dogs, and his superior strength enabled him to throw them like a terrier would toss a rat. After trying some eight or ten terrier dogs, the famous little bull slut "Dixey" was let loose on the cat. She at once bounced him and a terrific struggle ensued, in which they threw [illegible] great force. The cat made fearful havoc of the slut's flesh with his paws, but it was unavailing, and after about five minutes' fight, she got the cat by the throat and would have killed him, had not the owners thrown up the sponge in acknowledgement of the cat's defeat. It is due to the cat, however, to say, that he showed himself game, and never once squealed or gave evidence of flinching.

THE TURF.

For Sale.

THE CELEBRATED TROTTING STALLION,
SAMUEL D. PATCHEN.

He is nine years old; is a beautiful bay, 15¾ hands high, a powerfully made horse, with strong and clean limbs, and is second to NO horse of his age in the State for

SPEED OR DURABILITY.

He was sired by the renowned Trotting Stallion,

GEORGE M. PATCHEN,

the fastest Trotting Stallion in the world. SAM'L PATCHEN'S dam was sired by SAM'L MORGAN, the celebrated Trotting Stallion, who trotted his mile in 2:40; her dam a HUNTER, and her grand-dam a full-blooded MESSENGER MARE.

SAM'L D. PATCHEN'S grand-sire was CASSIUS M. CLAY, who was sired by HENRY CLAY, a celebrated Trotting Stallion; his dam the dam of the celebrated Trotting Horse JOHN ANDERSON. JOHN H. ALLEN, Trenton, N. J.

For additional particulars address W. H. BRAY, New York Clipper Office. 44-3t*

Death of a Fast Horse.—The four year old filly, Zara, imported by C. J. Alloway, of Montreal, C. E., last year from Kentucky, died of typhoid pneumonia recently, a disease which prevails extensively at present.

"Important if True."—The Norfolk *Day Book* mentions the arrival in that city of a gentleman from Hanover Junction, having in his possession a two year old filly, which, upon trial, made the run of one mile in one minute and fifty-four seconds.

Blooded Horse Killed.—John Burns, of Newark, killed his blooded mare, Lilly Tuttle, by running her against a team while racing down Broad street, Newark, a few days since. She was valued at $5,000.

AMUSEMENTS.

DAVIS & CO.
THEATRICAL
AGENCY,
CINCINNATI, O.
P.O. BOX 252.

MANAGERS supplied with Talent on Short Notice. Engagements always open for ladies and gentlemen. NO NOTICE TAKEN OF LETTERS IN WHICH STAMPS ARE NOT ENCLOSED AND SALARIES STATED. OFFICE CORNER ELM AND SIXTH STS., UNDER CLIFTON HOUSE. 44-1t*

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Acrobats and Gymnasts, can be engaged for the coming season. Address CHAS. TOURAINE,
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All to sing. Good engagements to the right kind of people.
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Address MUSICUS,
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BY A RESPONSIBLE PARTY.
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VIRGINIA HALL,
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Now in the full tide of success. Performers of ability can address, stating lowest salary,
44-5t* JOHNNY HARRIS, Stage Manager.

MISS KATE PENNOYER.--All managers wishing to negotiate with her will address her
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MOYAMENSING HOSE COMPANY'S
ANNUAL DRESS BALL,
AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA,
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TO LET.--Fifth Avenue Theatre,
Or Lease and Fixtures for sale. Apply to
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Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.

A NEW PROGRAMME FROM FIRST TO LAST.

After careful preparation, entire new scenery, costly wardrobe, LEON'S GREAT BURLESQUE, GRAND DUTCH "S," introducing all the original music and characters in the opera.

LEON..LEON..LEON	Every	LEON..LEON..LEON
E O	Song,	E O
O E	Dance,	O E
N L in	Act,	N The L
L L GRAND	and	L ONLY L
E E DUTCH	Joke	E LEON E
O O "S"	on	O in O
N N OPERA	this	N GRAND N
L L BOUFFE	week's	L DUTCH L
E E BURLESQUE.	bill	E "S" E
O O	is	O O
LEON..LEON..LEON	quite new.	LEON..LEON..LEON

Terminating with a fearful collision of TWO STEAMBOATS UNDER FULL HEADWAY OF STEAM, TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF THEIR BOILERS; GRAND FINALE, SURPASSING ANY STAGE EFFECT YET PRODUCED.

Box office open daily from 9 to 5. Seats secured six days in advance.

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Francis Leon, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, who have heretofore witnessed with great pleasure your original and artistic burlesque impersonations, deeply regret your protracted absence from a stage where your many talents have made your name synonymous with deserved success. Desiring for ourselves and friends to renew those pleasant associations, we respectfully urge you to resume your professional duties, and name an early day for your *rentree* at your popular hall.

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And 127 other leading firms of this city.

Messrs. Cipperly & Co., McCabe & Taaffe, and others:

Gentlemen:—Your flattering favor of the 20th instant is duly received. In reply permit me to say that I am gratified by your kindness, which is of itself sufficient to dissipate the reluctance I have felt in again appearing before the public.

Be pleased then to accept then my sincere thanks, coupled with the assurance that in naming Monday, February 3, for my re-appearance, it is with an abiding confidence in that generosity that has always sustained my humble but earnest efforts to amuse. Very respectfully, FRANCIS LEON.

720 Broadway, January 24, 1868.

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IN SUPERB ACTS OF HORSEMANSHIP
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In conjunction with their newly organized
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The undersigned hereby give notice that the Spectacular Fairy Extravaganza of the White Fawn has been copyrighted, and that the mechanical effects and scenery have been patented. Any person using the title or any colorable imitation of the play or its effects, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
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Managers desirous of securing the right of production of the White Fawn, as performed at Niblo's, can do so by applying to our authorized agents, LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
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Any one producing, or attempting to produce this play, without authority from the undersigned, (who has duly copyrighted the same), will be restrained by injunction.
CHARLES P. CLARKE, Attorney at Law,
and agent for the authors, No. 139 So. 5th street,
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During his stay in California, will be prepared to negotiate for, and manage the
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who may desire to visit the
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Those concerned will please observe the same.
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AN ENGLISH OPERA,
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Founded upon a Legend of Niagara Falls.
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Emerald..Sprite of the Falls
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Ruby.................................Sprite of the Cave of the Waters
Opecher.......................................An Indian Captive
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Voyageures, Boatmen, Nymphs, &c.
This work is highly eulogized by all who have heard it, possessing a world of melody. It combines the beauties of Spectacle as well as Opera, and is endorsed by learned opinions of many professors and admirers of music. The weird-like character of the melodies is compared with Wallace's "Lurline." The undersigned are prepared to reply promptly to all com[illegible]
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The scenic effects and situations of this thrilling picture of every day life are remarkable in their intensity.
Stars will find it a valuable acquisition to a repertoire. All the parts fine.
With or without elaborate getting up, "The Great City" carries success with it, so dramatic and effective are its points.
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A FIRST OLD WOMAN,
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ALONZO THE BRAVE,

And the Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight;
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And Oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
Offensive to love and to me!
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Thy ghost at my marriage should sit by my side,
May tax me with perfury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold!
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A Baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd
When the bell of the castle toll'd "One!"

Then first, with amazement! Fair Imogine found
That a stranger was plac'd by her side;
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His visor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view!
All pleasure and laughter was hush'd at his sight—
The dogs, as they eye'd him, drew back in affright,
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies,
His visor he slowly unclos'd;
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrific shout;
All turned with disgust from the scene:
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene:—

"Behold me! thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants, that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his proxy, through the wide yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in the year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl,—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the false Imogine!"

THE GREEN PARROT.

A Murder Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER I.

An erroneous, but widely extended notion prevails that a parrot's power of talking is solely imitative; that is that she never speaks with knowledge of the words she utters. Sufficient evidence exists to effectually demolish such a theory.

It is a fact as firmly established as English History itself that Henry the VII. owned a parrot which, falling once from its perch into the water of the river, sung out lustily, "a boat, a boat, twenty pounds for a boat!" The feathered bidder was picked up by an itinerant waterman and carried to his majesty's bird-keeper, from whom the proffered reward was demanded. The keeper demurred to paying so large a sum, and it was finally agreed to leave it to Poll herself, whereupon that ungrateful feminine, shaking the water from her green robes, shouted in a sharp voice:—"Give the knave a farthing!"

An intelligent parrot, of my acquaintance, who was brought up in Paris, talks German, English and French with tolerable proficiency. When I was learning the latter tongue I tried her with a few sentences. She repeated them with evident disgust, but gave to them the true Parisian accent which I had not then obtained. A parrot in Portugal, belonging to a noble family, was alone in the room where a fire caught from the stove; she gave the alarm in the true style of the b'hoys, and the ducal mansion was saved. On board ship once a Spanish parrot drooped in utter despondency, and refused to eat until she discovered the presence of a Spanish sailor, when she became loquacious and lively, and "took cheerfully" to her victuals and drinks. Other instances—equally reliable—could be adduced to show that parrots are not merely imitative talkers. But it is unnecessary. Suffice it to know that the wisest and truest and best bird that ever lived was Jenny Steller's parrot.

CHAPTER II.

On the night of the 28th of January, 1857, a young man closely muffled, for the air was bitterly cold, passed out of Broadway at Spring street and made his way, against the cutting wind, westward from that great thoroughfare. His face was hardly visible, but passing near him one could see that his dark and beautiful eyes beamed with no loving expression, but that they flashed with the blazing fire of bitter anger.

He stalked boldly on for several blocks, then stopped at the corner of a street, suddenly. A person who has studied the gait of a man—which is scarcely less expressive than his face—would have discovered that the mind of Robert McDonald—for such was the young man's name—was filled with conflicting emotions. He seemed contemplating the propriety of turning back when, suddenly, the memory of some great wrong must have risen vividly before him, for with decided steps he moved bravely forward. He stopped at a respectable appearing house and entered by means of a latch-key. As he groped his way up the dark stairs he heard the neighboring clock strike twelve. It was midnight! Through the glass casement of a door on the third story a light was still shining. At this door Robert knocked.

"Come in!" cried a woman's pleasant voice. The visitor opened the door, but stood on the threshold, his big cloak drawn around him and his face still muffled.

On a low chair at the opposite end of the room sat a young girl of rare and radiant beauty. She was perhaps eighteen or nineteen years of age. She was evidently preparing to retire, for she had already unloosed the heavy wealth of her hair, which reached below her waist and fell like a golden shower about her lithe, supple form. Her eyes were those fawn-like eyes that win us by their shy, half-frightened glances; very soft and very brown eyes, seemingly much readier to melt with tender passion than to flash in anger. Her complexion was fresh and girlish, while her shoulders and bust were shapely as ever artist painted.

"Why, Robert! you here!" she exclaimed, starting up half in fright, half in surprise. "I thought you were at Albany. What is the matter?" she continued, as she noticed that he still stood moodily in the doorway. "Come in."

"Come in," echoed a parrot, waking suddenly from a pleasant sleep and looking drowsily through the gilded bars of her cage.

The young man hesitated a moment longer, then entered the room, locked the door, placed the key in his pocket and threw aside his cloak. Without further parley, standing erect, his fine face contorted with anger and pain, Robert McDonald spoke these words:—

"Jenny Steller, you have played me false. In one short week you were to have become my wife. No man ever loved woman better than I you. Could you not have told me ere this that another had gained your heart while I yet held the promise of your hand? You thought I was in Albany!" he sneeringly added, "and so improved the opportunity to meet the man who has usurped my place. And you would have gone to the altar with a lie on your lips, ——

"A lie on your lips," sharply echoed Poll Parrot.

——"and perjured yourself in the face of Heaven."

"Oh, Jenny!" he sorrowfully said, "you have broken my heart. But," bitterly, "it shall not be. You have discarded one who truly loved you; no other shall claim you save death. For I swear it! unless you can explain your conduct satisfactorily you shall die on the spot!"

"Die on the spot! die on the spot!" shouted the parrot lustily, and in apparent excitement.

Jenny Steller, during the opening of this speech, had looked into the face of her lover in mute inquiry. As he proceeded the color gradually faded from her cheeks. When he had finished she rose up, gazing steadily into his eyes, her own meanwhile betokening, by their calm pride, the steadfast firmness of innocence.

"Robert, you have done me a grievous wrong." There was a cold, metallic tone to her voice. "My life without your confidence would be worse than valueless. Fulfil your threat. I am ready to die. Kill me!"

"Kill me! kill me!" echoed the parrot, hopping about wildly in her cage.

So speaking, Jenny looked squarely into the face of her lover, and flinched not when she saw in his hand a small, bright dagger.

"And you have no explanation to offer?" he asked.

"I have nothing to explain."

"Where you not, this night, in the company of a tall, dark whiskered man?"

A gleam of intelligence passed over the face of Jennie, but she simply responded,

"I was."

"And did he not accompany you home and kiss you—yes kiss you! when he left?"

"He did."

"He did! and you thought I was in Albany! Who was this fellow?"

"My brother!"

"My brother!" said the parrot, more cheerfully.

A great load was lifted from the heart of Robert McDonald. He could not doubt her now. Honesty gleamed from her beautiful eyes. He rushed forward to embrace Jenny, but she repelled him.

"Robert," she said coldly, "I once gave to you my love, my heart. To you I confided everything, trusting you with implicit faith. I did not suppose then that you could suspect my fidelity. But at the first circumstance which appears against me you rush upon me, insulting me and threatening my life ere I have a chance to utter a word. I cannot forgive this."

"O! Jenny," exclaimed the now penitent lover, "I know that I have done a rash and wicked thing, but it was the very intensity of my love which led me on."

"It is useless to continue our conversation now," said Jenny. "Come to me to-morrow and I will tell you whether our engagement is ended or not; now go home."

"Go home, go home," quoth the parrot.

"Without one kiss?"

"Without one kiss!" answered Jenny.

"Without one kiss!" chimed in Poll.

There was so much decision in the fair girl's manner that Robert saw how useless it would be to attempt to sway her opinion, so he turned sorrowfully from the room, after unlocking the door, and simply saying as he passed out "Good night."

"Good night," answered Jenny and the parrot.

When her lover was gone the beautiful girl, who up to this time had been very calm, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

Her sailor brother, whom she had not seen for years, had returned only that day, and she had anticipated so much pleasure in introducing him to her bethrothed, and now Robert had doubted her—had threatened her—could she forgive him? Yes. Because woman is born loving and forgiving; ready to frame excuses for the gravest faults of man; and knitting her idol's heart so closely in her own that no wrongs can sunder the strong threads of affection. So ere she retired she resolved when they met again to scold him and to kiss him!

The next morning Jenny Steller was found lying in her bed brutally murdered. A small dagger had been driven into her snowy breast to the hilt. On this dagger was engraved the letters "R. McD."

CHAPTER III.

On the morning of the 29th of January, 1857, the community was startled at the information, which spread like wildfire, that an atrocious murder had been committed at house No. — Macdougal street. By reference to the newspapers of that day I find that the following facts were elicited at the coroner's inquest:—

Jane Steller (or Jenny Steller, as she was familiarly called) was a stock actress at one of the Broadway theatres. On the night of the murder she had performed her part as usual. Heretofore she had usually left the theatre in company with a young man named MacDonald. On this particular occasion she had for escort a gentleman who was a stranger to the witness. To-night—the witness (who was stage manager) continued—was to have been the last of Miss Steller's appearance. It was understood that she was about to be married—hence her withdrawal from the boards.

The witness thought he could identify the gentleman with whom she left the theatre. He was a tall man with dark beard. Miss S. was the owner of a very valuable diamond ring, which was currently reported to be her engagement ring.

No further information was obtained from this witness.

Mrs. Maria Milward, being called, testified that she was lessee of the premises where the alleged murder was committed. It was a sort of tenement house, of the better order, where apartments were rented out to families and others, unfurnished. She was acquainted with Mr. Robert McDonald. He was a very respectable gentleman, and was, she understood, a down town merchant. She had not seen him on the night of the murder. She was first informed of the tragedy by a servant girl, whose duty it was to call Miss Jenny at a certain hour. She (witness) entered the room in company with a policeman. (Witness here described the position of the murdered girl, together with other details.) Had seen the ring referred to. It was a *solitaire* set in plain gold.

Samuel Jackson, a negro, commonly called Black Sam, was then called. He was a servant in the house—a sort of porter; he did errands, built fires, &c.; was awake at midnight on the 28th; heard some one enter the house at that time and approach Miss Steller's room. Shortly afterwards he heard angry talk, and, fearing something was wrong, he got near enough to listen. He heard a man say—"*I will kill you on the spot!*" Shortly afterwards a man came out of the room. Jackson caught a distinct view of his face from the light within; *the man was Robert McDonald*. Witness was positive of this. A widow lady, who occupied apartments adjoining Jenny's, corroborated Sam's statement in so far as hearing the exclamation—"I will kill you on the spot!" She also heard some detached phrases—"You have played me false!" amongst others.

This is a condensed account of all the testimony elicited. On the strength of it Robert McDonald was arrested and fully committed, charged with the murder of Jenny Steller. He seemed bewildered and overcome with grief. He did not deny any of the statements of the witnesses. In answer to the usual question he simply said, "I am innocent of the charge." But a strong net of circumstantial evidence had woven itself about the young man, and there were few, indeed, in the whole great city who doubted his guilt. But his family were rich and powerful, and, although they had quarreled with him on account of his proposed marriage, they now came forward, resolved to make every effort to clear him. In pursuance of that design they employed the services of a detective. That detective was I.

CHAPTER IV.

The main fault with those who attempt to unravel mysteries is that they seek for too broad premises, forgetful that the smallest circumstance, by natural sequences, may lead to a full solution of the most difficult questions. Such success as I have had—and I was famous once—I attribute to the fact that I have followed trails without striving to manufacture elaborate theories of *how* a thing was done and *why* it was done. I entered into this case with my whole heart. Young McDonald had once befriended me in an hour of pecuniary need, and I had not forgotten it. Moreover, I believed him innocent, although I'll admit the case looked hard against him.

I held one interview with him in jail, when he talked freely and candidly with me on the subject of the tragedy, and gave me an account of his last interview with Jenny, which I have recorded above. He probably dropped the dagger, he said, when she told him who his supposed rival was.

Armed only with his story and with the evidence before the coroner's jury, I began working up the case on the third day after the tragedy. In the meantime Jenny's brother, Capt. Tom Steller, of the whaler "Neptune," had come forward, claimed the poor girl's body, and had it buried. This strong man was completely overwhelmed with sorrow. He wept like a child. His only gleam of comfort seemed to lay in his oft-repeated wish that he'd live to see the murderer swing.

In conversation with him I learned one fact: *the diamond ring had been taken from Jenny's finger;* whether at the time of the murder or subsequently, there was, of course, no means of ascertaining.

I commenced my investigation by visiting the house where the horrible deed had been committed. The rooms formerly occupied by Miss Steller were deserted, though kept guarded. I entered the apartments of the widow lady to question her more closely concerning the conversation which she had overheard. This done, I desired to change the subject of conversation preparatory to taking leave. So, seeing a parrot in a gilded cage, I remarked "A pretty bird, that," and approaching it, "Poll! poll! pretty poll!" I said.

The parrot, who had drowsily hung her head heretofore, looked up suddenly as I spoke, and, seeing a stranger, exclaimed in sharp tones:

"Black Sam! Black Sam! Black Sam!"

"The poor bird belonged to Jenny," the widow explained; "she was a great favorite and talked incessantly; but since her death Polly has uttered no other words than those to which you have just listened."

I bade the lady good afternoon and sought the servant girl who had first discovered the corpse.

"Did you notice a parrot when you entered Miss Jenny's room?" I asked.

"Faith! an' I did, sir," answered the honest domestic, "and a fine bur-rud it was, wid grand fithers all over her like true Irish!"

"Did the parrot say anything?"

Say anything is it? that she did. She pretinded to take me for the old nagur, and called me "Black Sam;" for you see Black Sam used to build the fire in poor Miss Jinny's room, and the bur-rud loiked to call him names."

I left Bridget with my mind fully made up as to what course to pursue. I found that Black Sam was at that moment engaged in kindling a fire in the principal parlor.

I found that worthy, as I entered the room, bending over the grate. I approached him stealthily from behind, and seizing him by the shoulder exclaimed in a loud voice:—"Samuel Jackson I arrest you in the name of the law!"

A negro cannot turn pale. His color precludes the possibility of such a thing. But when very much frightened his skin becomes blue, and most decidedly was that color shadowed on the face of Black Sam. His knees shook beneath him, his ivories rattled, and dropping helpless, he exclaimed in tones of piteous fear:—

"Massa, I didn't do 'um. I didn't do' 'um. 'Twan't me dat done 'um."

"You didn't do what?" I asked sternly.

"Nuffin," answered the negro, sullenly.

"Then why did you hide the diamond—why did you hide it between the toes of your left foot?"

"Oh massa!" shouted Black Sam, now in a paroxysm of terror, "You knows eberyting. I done 'um, I killed Miss Jenny. I gub you de dimon' uf you luff me go."

Fifteen minutes later the thick-lipped scoundrel was lodged in jail. A thorough search of his room was made, and, hidden in an old chest, was found a blood-stained shirt belonging to him. This would have been some evidence apart from his confession, which was complete.

It appeared that he had seen the ring and heard of its value. He coveted it, and on the night in question had been crouching near Jenny's door with the intention of stealing it before morning. He had overheard the conversation as he said, and his low cunning taught him that here was a chance to do the evil deed and throw the responsibility upon another.

Robert McDonald was released, his character vindicated. But he came forth a sorrow-stricken man, and so he has remained through all these years. He and Capt. Steller share a great grief between them. Black Sam was tried, convicted and hung. I took the parrot to see the execution. She jumped about wildly when she first saw the negro and cried "Black Sam! Black Sam! Kill him on the spot!"

To avoid mystery I will state that when I spoke to the negro of hiding the diamond, he immediately looked down to his left foot, and I readily guessed where he had hidden it.

I received great credit for this case, but honor to whom honor is due. The real detective, who, poor thing, shortly after sickened and died, was the Green Parrot.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—At a recent festive meeting a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed: "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrow, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: "The gentlemen—the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man didn't stop to hear any more.

CONCERNING THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the month of January the "talent" for the forthcoming summer season is usually engaged by the circus managers, written contracts are duly entered into, and are properly signed, sealed and delivered—provided, of course, that the "talent" can write, which, I am happy to add, he usually can. *Entre nous*—I have noticed that students, clergymen and men of sedentary habits generally, were particularly fond of displaying their physical ability. I know a grave parson—a college professor to boot—who can jump nine feet, who does not read the CLIPPER, and who therefore flatters himself that he is the champion leaper. He really takes more credit to himself for his "act" than for the moral philosophy which he thoroughly understands, or for the fine collection of roots to Greek verbs which he, by patient study, has found and brought to light. And so the circus folk, on the other hand, pride themselves on mental culture. If one of their number can write a passable song—no carping criticisms are made on troublesome *iambs* and *trochaics*—he is greatly admired, and is held up as a paragon of intellectual excellence. The man who can turn all imaginable "flip flaps" and who rides with exceeding grace, would much prefer that you should praise his penmanship than his horsemanship.

You have doubtless noticed—and if not the proverb renders it certain—that "birds of a feather flock together." The circus people usually congregate during the winter at some well-kept, moderate-priced hotel. If the landlord be a thoughtful, good-hearted man, his reputation slowly but surely spreads through the country, and his tavern eventually becomes a sort of head-quarters for the profession. To such a place come with me on a winter morning, and we shall see what we shall see. We enter a room fifty feet long by twenty wide, which answers for the office and bar of the circus hotel. This room is well filled; in fact, crowded. And of this assemblage six are managers and seventy-five are "talent." The talent awaits engagement, and the managers have come to fill up their lists for the tenting season.

We approach a round-faced, jolly-looking man who evidently has stamps in his pocket. He is talking to a big fellow, a manager like himself, whom he calls "Doctor." He seems to be in a confidential humor, for he says: "Well, Doc, I had the poorest show on the road last season, but I made stacks of money, and all by advertising. I had one little sick elephant, about as big as a horse; and the bills used to say that there was a herd of elephants, including several trained animals and a few wild ones. I also had the names of all the best talent in the country on my bills, though in point of fact my company consisted of only five persons, and they were no great shakes. My "celebrated five pole tent" had left four of its poles somewhere and leaked pretty bad in rainy weather. "But," adds the complacent manager, "I'm going to have a bully show this year." The doctor chuckles, and arm-in-arm they walk deeper into the room where riders, acrobats, gymnasts and clowns are waiting for something to turn up. Contracts are made something in this style: "Hollos, George," says the manager, "have you got an engagement for next season?"

"No, not yet."

"What's your price?"

"A hundred dollars a week."

"One hundred dollars for doing what?"

"The double somersault, the two horse act and leaping."

"Oh, we don't want that. We've got too many riders and leapers already, all that we care for is your name; that's worth something, of course; but no such figure as you mention. You'll have nothing to do except the double-somersault"

And so after plenty of haggling, the price is fixed upon and the engagement made."

The clown who has quite ceased to be a funny fellow holds out with great pertinacity for an extra ten dollars, while the "Brothers"—who are very seldom brothers—refuse to come down in price or to take any new brothers into the family excepting on liberal terms. As soon as a performer is engaged he subsides into the nearest seat and leaves the coast clear for those whose future is not yet settled. The work occupies the greater part of the day, but usually before night the available talent of that hotel is booked for the tenting season, which, as is generally known, covers a space of twenty-six weeks.

As I have said all this occurs in January. Between that time and April, when the show starts out, the circus actors are frequently short of funds and are sometimes broke. Then it is that the landlord's good nature and kindness are tested. First, he must sift the "beats" from their more worthy brethren. With the former class he deals sternly, showing them no mercy. But those whom he has trusted before and who have come honorably to him when they received their salaries, and liquidated their bills, he treats with great consideration, not only trusting them, but occasionally supplying them with small sums of money. He seldom loses by thus casting his bread upon the waters, but receives gratitude and greenbacks as his just reward. In comparative idleness the winter passes with the circus people, but in April comes an excitement, a bustling, a general packing up. The "properties" are brought forth, the horses are trotted out, the freshly painted band chariot is exposed to view and things generally are arranged for the tramp.

* * * * * * *

Did you ever sit and look at the actor's entrance to the circus and wonder what mysteries were hidden in the dressing-room? With your consent we will enter that forbidden ground and take a glance at the talent. They are just preparing for the "grand *entree*." Helmets are lying around loose, and wardrobes appear to be in a state of great confusion. Cheap velvet gaily bespangled is quite plentiful. It looks best at a distance. Quantities of white chalk are brought into use, each man's face being highly powdered, his eyebrows blackened, &c. The dressing room is small, and there is apparently great confusion while the performers are donning their respective costumes. But each knows what his duty is and does it accordingly, without really interfering with any one else. Close beside is the "ladies' room;" into this we are not permitted to cast our profane peepers, but we know from exterior knowledge that paint and powder, short dresses and flesh tights, are rapidly converting ordinary women into *equestrienne* angels. Outside of the dressing-room [illegible] signal the riders appear, mount and enter the ring. [illegible] are dashing about in apparent recklessness, let us look more closely at them. They all look young and fresh, but there are old men in the party who for twenty-five or thirty years have figured in the sawdust ring. Chalk hides their wrinkles, dyes stuff their gray hairs, and skull caps their baldness. Yonder lady, who sits her steed gracefully, and who looks as blooming as a rose on a June morning, is not only a mother, but a grandmother. And there is George, who was engaged last winter "to do nothing," you know. He finds his duties embrace riding, leaping, tumbling, object-holding, and occasionally in "short" times driving a team on the road. There is one rider who was formerly a manager himself. He had a big fortune once, but a few bad seasons swamped it, and he is now glad to take his place as a performer on a moderate salary.

Returning to the dressing-room after the *entree* we find the clown engaged in putting the finishing touches to his costume. We must look closely to recognize him. He does not really seem to be the same fellow that we met at the breakfast-table, in stylish clothes and a shirt-front ornamented with a California diamond. He has given himself an impossible moustache, with charcoal, and has painted bright red spots on his powdered cheeks. You think him a mere boy as he springs into the ring, but he has been a "mere boy" for many a long year, and his bones are getting stiff and his joints ache in spite of his assumed agility. The "gags" that he repeats and the songs which make you laugh are not funny to him, for he has repeated them in precisely the same tone and with exactly the same inflection for an indefinite number of nights. He comes out to play for the "principal act" of horsemanship. Meantime, in the dressing-room, the acrobats, if the air is chilly, are wrapping themselves in blankets or moving about to keep warm. When the "bare-back rider" returns from the ring he usually disrobes, takes a bath, and dons his ordinary attire; but the less important performers must keep themselves in readiness to perform any assistance which they may be called upon to render.

There is but little repose for the weary circus people during a season. Frequently they stay but one day in a place, and the next town is fifteen or twenty miles distant. All the properties must be packed up, the helmets and cheap velvet, the tights and the tunics must be stowed away, and the journey made by night. It is morning when they reach their destination and ere long they have to go through with the "grand procession;" then comes dinner; then the afternoon performance; the brief interval; supper; the evening exhibition, and then another night's travel. It isn't safe to bet on more than five hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and the "talent" mustn't be over nice as to where and when he takes his uncertain snoozes.

In view of the hard work and the frequent exposures to the elements it is a noticeable fact that the average health of the circus people is very good.

The season over the company disperses, most of the members lavishly spending their hard-earned salaries, and "touching bottom" before winter fairly sets in. By January you will find many of them back at their favorite hotel, anxiously awaiting a fresh engagement for the next season.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

BY T. W. ROBERTSON.

Permit me, Blank Smith, of the firm of Blank, Blank, and Company, Addle street, Wood street, to ask for the admiration of mankind in general, and of histrionic aspirants in particular. In the course of my life I have behaved—only once I admit—with extraordinary wisdom, tact and energy. How many are there who will read these lines and wish they had possessed my prudence, forethought and promptitude! Twenty years ago I was young. I was also a fool. I admired myself. I have found myself out long ago, and have discovered all my weak points; for those that escaped my own observation have been kindly revealed to me by the beloved partner of my bosom. What a figure I thought I had twenty years ago. What a face! What eyes! Black ones, that rolled. How they thrilled the young persons of the opposite sex who came under their fatal influence. And then my legs! They were indeed models. But of all my many personal attractions my voice was the most perfect—deep, mellow, rich, penetrating, &c., &c. "Should these natural gifts," I thought twenty years ago, "be wasted on a high stool in an office in the City?" Perish the thought!

"Let wit and wisdom, laws and commerce die,
But let us still preserve our olden tragedy!"

It was in my power to charm the boxes, entrance the pit and awe the gallery, and at the same time make my fortune. I would go upon the stage. Mr. Edmund Kean, whose natural gifts were poor to those of mine, had made a fortune, why should not I? I broke the news to my father. I shall never forget his face; and to my mother, who began to cry. Stupid old people! They wanted to prevent me from making a fortune, and from handing my name down to posterity. I procured an engagement at a theatre in a provincial town, let us call it Ditchester. My opening part was to be Lorenzo in the "Merchant of Venice." Lorenzo at Ditchester was soon to rise to Hamlet at Drury. The night came. Oh, that night! I had rehearsed perfect. I had tried on my dress, and I looked lovely—face, gait, gesture—all were perfect. Six o'clock sounded from the old church tower as I stood gazing on a portion of my costume displayed attractively upon my bed. As the last stroke of the big bell clanged I was seized with a sort of rapturous dizziness. A strange, new feeling came over me. My feet did not seem to touch the floor, and my knees trembled. I lost the sense of personal identity—as men do in a wreck at sea, in the fulness of battle, or as they look into a valley from a mountain-top, and felt inspired. I seized my hat, rushed from the room, crossed the bridge, and left the town, and never halted till I reached my old home in London. *In fact, I ran away!* from the stage, from fame, fortune—and the fever of the footlights. For this I claim the admiration of mankind in general, and histrionic aspirants in particular.

BLANK SMITH.

THE OLDEST BUSINESS in the world—the nursery business.

MY FIRST PLAY.

BY H. J. BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the orthodox three acts, each remarkably exciting, leading up to a climax, the last the strongest of all. It had cost me much time and considerable thought. That is, for an author of my years. I was about fourteen. I had devoted at least two days to its composition, and two days meant something at that time. It was not a long play, but it was stirring, to say the least of it. Each act contained a "sensation." The last one was remarkable. The title was, "The Pride of the Village; or, the Convict's Bride." Not altogether a despicable title, I still think, and the villain's name was Will Gallows. Those were the days when O. Smith had it all his own way in the matter of ruffianism. The scoundrel in coat and trousers had not yet come into fashion. Villainy was villainy then. There was no disguise about it, and the orchestra let you into the secret almost before the villain himself appeared. Will Gallows, I am bound to say, shone forth with an extra radiance of rascality, and when I wrote his part I felt that I was sending forth sentiments that would at once awe and delight an audience already pretty well inured to atrocity. For that the piece would be produced—would be handsomely paid for—and would prove an unexampled success, I doubted not for a moment. It had all that was requisite for a melodrama. Plenty of strong parts, capital situations, thrilling effects. When I started to the manager's house with the manuscript, I met a bill sticker, who was renewing the board-bill of the particular theatre I affected. "Ha!" I exclaimed, "before many days are over you will be sticking 'The Pride of the Village; or, the Convict's Bride' upon those boards, my friend!" and so I passed upon my way, mentally distributing the characters and settling how I should employ the unlimited cheque which I made no doubt was looming in the immediate future. I had written a dignified note to the manager, and had requested a reply at his earliest convenience. I had no wish to hurry him, and had resolved to give him at least until the afternoon of the following day. "Managers have a good deal to do," I thought, "and it would be unfair to expect him to tackle it till after tea." So I resolved to be patient, and though I bit my nails a good deal during the forenoon of the day after, and watched the postman with a painful interest, I still forbore making myself a nuisance at home, though I will admit toward dusk my fidgetiness may have been noticeable to a keen observer. The manager must have been out of town, I argued with myself when the postman called *two* days after without leaving me a line. But the manager, as I afterwards learned, was *not* out of town. I may as well come to the point—that is, *one* of the points of my narration. A week passed over and my piece was not announced. A new drama *was* announced, and I fondly hoped it might be mine. But it was not. I am proud to say it failed, but the consolation was trifling. Months passed away, and "The Pride of the Village; or, the Convict's Bride," was not produced. *Years* passed away with the same unsatisfactory result. Nay, more—it has never been produced at all. Still further—it *will* never be produced!

CHAPTER II.

As they say in the play-bills, "Between Chapter I and Chapter II eighteen years are supposed to have passed." Supposed! They *did*. Eighteen years! How many—but perhaps any philosophical remarks on the subject might be considered a digression. After a few months I forgot all about my "Pride of the Village." However, in the course of time chance again brought me within the theatrical circle. I wrote an exceedingly bad burlesque, which was abominably performed to small but discriminating audiences at a London theatre, which was then under a cloud. The piece was written for a joke, and sent in to the theatre as a joke, and it was not until the manager produced it, and it was performed, that the seriousness of the joke was made manifest. Looking back upon that lugubrious piece of cumbersome drollery, I may safely assert that—but this is another digression. Some one, however, said it showed symptoms of a latent dramatic something or other, and before I was well aware of what I was about, I found myself writing pieces for two or three theatres at once. One evening I was in the private room of a West-end manager, ostensibly discussing the coming Christmas novelty, but in reality discussing cold brandy and water. The house was bad, and the manager was in a more than usually good humor. This is frequently the case with managers; I could name several who are terribly cranky during a run of good business, but who perk up wonderfully when affairs look serious. Conversation turned upon the number of manuscripts sent in by unknown authors for perusal, and the manager was strong in his denunciation of the terrible trash he was expected to wade through. Not that he ever did it. Having had some experience as a manager and as editor of one or two comic periodicals, I can cordially endorse my friend's remarks. It *is* strange that anything worthy of publication or performing should so seldom be received from "outsiders." There is a notion that comic papers and theatres are close boroughs. Nothing of the kind. Any one who can write well enough to be paid for his compositions need fear no cold shouldering, there is too much competition now-a-days for favoritism to stand much chance. "What becomes of all the rubbish?" I asked. "Oh, it's all docketed and put away, in case the author should claim his bantling, which, by the way, he often doesn't," replied the manager. "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "what would I give to recover a magnificent production I sent you in—as Paul would say—'the confidence of babyhood' many years ago." "How long since?" said my friend. "Eighteen years or so," I replied. "Its title was a thriller—'The Pride of the Village; or, ——'" Here the manager rose and went to a drawer in an old bureau. I watched him with a languid interest, for I knew my manuscript had vanished in the limbo of lost property long since. "About eighteen years ago, eh; and the title?" "The Pr——" "Here it is, my boy." And there it was, in dust a third of an inch thick, "The Pride of the Village; or, the Convict's Bride," a drama of *intense interest* in three acts. "Come," said the manager, "I think you should stand a dinner to a select few, and read us this marvelous production." "Not so," I replied; "why introduce the skeleton at the banquet? But it's my friend. "Because," I rejoined, "it is here described as a drama of intense interest, and as it's been lying idle for eighteen years, only fancy how the interest must have accumulated." * * Imagine the delight I felt in perusing the well-remembered pages of that schoolboy slip-slop. As I read on, every speech brought back the memory of the time I wrote it, and on reading the climax to the second act, I experienced the old glow I had felt when putting the "sensation" upon paper. What trash it all was to be sure! I've torn up a good many of my productions, and shall devote many more to the waste-paper basket, I've no doubt, but I shall never tear up "The Pride of the Village; or, the Convict's Bride."

THE STAGE FAIRY.

BY STIRLING COYNE.

"She danc'd like a fairy, and sang like a bird."—POPULAR SONG.

Alas! for the glories of Fairydom; they have paled in the broad light of useful knowledge. The Dryads and Nymphs have forsaken the classic groves and fountains of antiquity, and those secluded haunts were

"Satyrs and sylvan toys were seen,
Peeping from their alleys green."

The tiny elves no longer issue from their secret dwellings during the summer nights to dance by moonlight on yellow sands or flower-enameled meadows, or by murmuring rivulets, to the music of silvery bells. Lytton Bulwer—we beg Sir Richard Burke's pardon—Lord Lytton has sung the dirge of the Teutonic fairies in one of the earliest and most exquisite of his works, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine." Shakespeare's glorious legacy of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," Spenser's gorgeous fairy epic, Herrick's golden "Hesperides," and Hood's exquisite "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies," still keep the memory of Titania, Oberon, Mab, Puck and Robin Goodfellow fresh in our memory; but we are compelled, with sorrow, to confess that the mysterious little beings who once peopled every glen, valley and hill-side, have departed from amongst us. The Brownies, Leprechaunes, Kelpies, Pixies and Goblins of our grandfathers and grandmothers—where are they? All vanished—gone—except *one*—the last representative of her race—the STAGE FAIRY, whose brief periodical existence owes its chief charm to the pen of Blanchard and the pencil of Beverley. About a month before Christmas the Stage Fairy makes her first appearance in the grub—we might say the grubby—state, under the colonnade, near the stage-door, of Drury Lane Theatre. In this early period of her existence she certainly is not attractive. A dark stuff frock, a threadbare and dingy shawl or cloak wrapped round a slight figure, a small brown straw hat, shoes that evidently have seen better days, and a face—mostly pretty, but pinched and pale, as though a gleam of life's sunshine had never fallen upon it—are not suggestive of the sprightliness attributed to fairies. But the Stage Fairy has a brilliant future before her; the Pantomime comes out in all its glory on Boxing-night, when she emerges, fully developed, from a rose or a lily, clad in ethereal vesture, and radiant with gems and gold. Seeming to scorn the dull earth, she spreads her gauzy wings in the dazzling lime-light with which the "Realms of Unfading Delight" are brilliantly illuminated, and soaring aloft upon a thread of gossamer, floats into space above the sky-borders. The Stage Fairy does not, as some ignorant people imagine, live upon dewdrops which she collects from beds of violets before the sun has risen; her refreshment is generally a thick slice of bread, sometimes with, sometimes without, butter, to which a cup of coffee, or a "drop of beer," forms a grateful emollient. The Fairy's temporary abode in the theatre is a gloomy cavern beneath the stage, where she sits with her sister spirits—who are, however, not her relatives—on a hard bench, fearful of crushing her transparent pinions, till the call-boy summons her to join the revels of the Elfin Court on the margin of the Silver Lake. But the Fairy's native home is a three-pair back in an abstruse lane, near Clare Market. There she dwells in the bosom of her family, consisting of a mortal mother of the rheumatic persuasion, with spasmodic tendencies, who devotes her leisure hours to washing and mangling false collars for the principals of the chorus; six brothers and sisters of assorted sizes—young ravens, whose ever-gaping mouths the poor little Fairy helps to fill; not to mention a dilapidated father, who counts for nothing, seeing that when not engaged at the theatre—where he enacts a *super* with brilliant success—he may be found at the "Mogul's Head," Drury Lane, any hour in the day, but especially after twelve o'clock at night, when he takes the Chair at a Convivial Meeting of the "Cashmoches," and never fails to relate his famous story of having once acted with Mr. Macready. On this memorable occasion, having to say, "The Duke of Buckingham is taken," he emphatically added, "And we've cut off his head!" thus depriving the enraged tragedian of his great point—"Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!"—"I was determined not to let Mr. Macready have all 'the fat' to himself," said the audacious interloper of the text; but he omitted to add that on the following morning he was, by special desire, promoted to carry a banner, and that he has never since opened his mouth professionally on the stage, except to shout amongst the mob in "Julius Cæsar." About Valentine's Day the Pantomimes and the Stage Fairy disappear together. What becomes eventually of our sparkling favorite is one of those mysteries which we cannot pretend to penetrate. Has she developed into a full-blown Columbine, or culminated to the lofty region of a Star in the Ballet? We know not:—but we shall ever remember with affectionate regard our dear little STAGE FAIRY.

To apprehend danger from the education of the people is like fearing lest the thunderbolt strike into the house because it has windows; whereas the lightning never comes through these, but through their lead framing, or down by the smoke of the chimney.

VERY.—How exhilarating it is to be suddenly lodged in a prison cell for the night and released the following morning with the comforting reply to your inquiry, "You are the wrong man."

FABLES FOR THE DAY.

CROWING HENS; OR, WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"Why shouldn't we crow?" said the speckled Hen;
"Why not?" said the white Hen.
"Why not?" said all the Hens, as the question went round.

"We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way as that domineering old Cock; in my opinion we are superior!" said the speckled Hen.

"And in mine," said the white Hen.

"And in mine," said all the Hens, much impressed and excited by this new view of things.

So they practised, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old Cock; and a very remarkable noise they made.

"Hey-day!" said Drover, stopping as he ran through the yard to listen to the hubbub: "my dear creatures, what are you at? Give up this nonsense; while you keep to clucking you are highly respectable, but when you take to *crowing* you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut—keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking!"

ENTIRELY AS YOU VIEW IT.

"How unutterably odious!" muttered an elegant Italian Greyhound, as he stopped for a second on his way through the yard to look at a huge Sow wallowing in the mire, with her litter of little ones. "Poor miserable creature—*so hideous!* Surely that alone would render life intolerable; but to be forever in this poisonous atmosphere, and condemned to swallow that hateful *wash*. Oh! I am sorry for the brute!" and he passed on quickly, disgust strongly expressed in his looks.

"Mammy," squeaked a little Pig that had climbed up the old Sow's back to get a good sight of him, "who is that gentleman? How thin he is! and he looked so sick. Who is he?"

The old Sow opened her red eyes as wide as she could, and squinted at the Greyhound as he vanished in the distance; then, shutting them again, answered—

"It's the Greyhound, children. Poor fellow! he is thin, indeed. No wonder; for, instead of leading a life of luxury such as ours—lying asleep in this nice soft mess all day, with nothing to do but to feast on our wash and rotten potatoes, unless we like to go and scratch ourselves on the stone, he has to scour the country from morning till night, and gets very little to eat for his labor, judging by his lanky body. No wonder he looked sick. I dare say he was envying us and longing for some wash. I'm sorry for him, but we can't *all be pigs!*"

WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.

How the wheels of the old cart creaked! The Road was quite tired of hearing their complaints, when lo! suddenly they became quiet, and went smoothly on, making no doleful sound.

"How now!" cried the Road; "what has happened that you take things so easily to-day? Has the master taken off half your load?"

"No," said the Wheels; "he hasn't done that; our burthen is, if anything, heavier than before; but *this* he has done, he has *oiled us*, so that whatever we may have to bear we have no longer the heart to say a word against it."

Exterminated Animals.

Associated with human remains, belonging to what is now called the pre-historic age of the world, we find those of mammoths, mastodons, cave lions, bears and hyenas, with many other species that have since become extinct. The earliest written records make no mention of either this race of mankind or its associates; but there is a by no means inconsiderable list of animals, well known in the middle ages, and indeed within a hundred years past, but now entirely exterminated from off the face of the earth. Of mammalia, the most recent instance is the Rytina, or Kamischatkan sea cow, formerly abundant on Behring's Island (west of the Aleutians.) It resembled very closely the manatee or sea cow of Florida, and attained a weight of over two thousand pounds. Of birds, the most notable instances are the three kinds inhabiting severally three of the Mascarene Islands (east of Madagascar). Of these, the best known was the dodo, a bird the size and shape somewhat of an albatross, although really a kind of ground pigeon. The giant ostrich of Madagascar is probably another instance of the same kind, although it is by no means impossible that it may yet exist in the inaccessible portions of the island. The bird, judging from its egg, was probably five or six times the size of the African ostrich. The latest instance of actual extermination is believed to be that of the great auk, a sea bird the size of a goose, once extremely abundant off the coast of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, etc., where it was erroneously called penguin. Owing to its incapacity of flight, resulting from its rudimentary wings, it fell an easy victim to the attack of the fisherman on the Newfoundland banks; and at the present day it is believed to have gone out of existence, though known well to many now living. Good specimens are very rare, and a bird and the egg in the museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science are among the choicest treasures of its great collection. The last instances we shall mention relate to the West India Islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe. At the time of the discovery by Columbus of the West Indies, and for some time after, the islands abounded in wild dogs, which have since entirely disappeared. Besides these, two different species of macaws, four kinds of parrots and an enormous frog have been entirely exterminated. Of the various species of oxen known in the earliest periods of European history, and now exterminated or represented only by a few herds carefully preserved by royal order, and by the disappearance of the musk ox and other animals from Europe and Asia, while still living in North America, an interesting paragraph might be made.

Population of Large Towns in England.

A London paper says:—"According to the census of 1861 there were 2 803,989 persons living in London. The metropolis, however, is a much more extensive place than is generally supposed. For instance, it starts from Hampstead in the north and extends to Sydenham in the south. It reaches from Woolwich in the east, and stretches as far as Hammersmith in the west. It is estimated by the Registrar General that the population of the vast area will reach 3,[illegible] in the middle of the present year. The actual area is equal to 77,997 acres; and as so many surburban places are included, it is not surprising to find that the density of London is not nearly so great as that of some of the other towns enumerated in the weekly mortality returns.

For instance, in Liverpool there are actually 98 persons living on every acre; in Manchester there are 81–8; in Birmingham there are 45; but in London there are only 40–1. In Bristol the density of population is lower still—namely, 35–7 per acre; in Hull it is 30–4; in Newcastle, 23–9; in Salford, 22–7; in Bradford, 16–4; in Leeds, 11–0; and in Sheffield, 10–2. The population of Liverpool in 1861 was 443,938; the Registrar General's computation for the present year is 500,676. In like manner, Manchester has increased from 357,979 to 366,835, and Birmingham from 296,076 to 352,296. Bristol in 1861 numbered 154,093 souls, but the population is now stated to be 197,487. Hull has increased from 97,661 to 108,269, and Newcastle from 109,108 to 127,701. Salford has risen in seven years from 102,449 to 117,162; Bradford from 106,218 to 108,119; Leeds from 207,165 to 236,746; and Sheffield from 185,172 to 232,362.

"The population of London is thus greater, by 809,082, than all these towns put together. It is more than six times as large as Liverpool, and considerably larger than four such towns as Liverpool and Leeds taken together. It is to be expected, therefore, that the births and deaths in London will be very numerous. Accordingly it is stated that in the fifty-two weekly reports published last year the births reached 112,264, and the deaths numbered 70,588; that is to say, 308–4 children were born in London daily, or nearly 13 in every hour that passed. Similarly, 193–9 persons died in London daily, or 8 in every hour."

BIG BETS AT BLUFF.—The newspapers have a story of a prominent New Yorker seeing a blackleg's bluff at poker, and going a thirty-thousand dollar steamboat better; but this is hardly up to an affair of which we recollect reading long since in a Mississippi paper. In the days when the Hon. George Poindexter represented the State in the Federal Senate, say some thirty-five years ago, before the time of railroads, he started from Natches by an up-river boat on his way to Washington. The Agricultural Bank, having a heavy deposit to make in one of the Pittsburgh banks, intrusted the money to his charge. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed some of the sporting fraternity were making up a little game, and invited the Senator to take a hand, to which, nothing loth, he consented. The game ran about the usual course of such things, while the professionals were taking the measure of their intended victim, and guessing at the size of his pile. When these points were settled to their satisfaction, the business began in earnest. An overpowering hand was dealt to Mr. Poindexter, upon which he made a small bet, and the others passed, with one exception, who "saw him" and went a thousand dollars better. To this he responded with another thousand dollars better, when the gambler replied, "I see your thousand dollars and go thirty thousand dollars better"—for, perceiving that his customer was pretty flush, he did not dare risk a few thousands. Poindexter replied that that was more money than he had, but he would put up his pile, which entitled him to a sight. This the other denied to be the law. "Certainly," said Mr. P., "I always understand that a gentleman has a right to a show for his money." "Not unless it is stipulated beforehand;" and the gambler appealed to the "gentlemen" present, who sustained him. "Come," said he, throwing down a well-filled pocketbook, and laying his watch on the table, "I go thirty thousand dollars better, and give you five minutes to raise the money." Poindexter bid him count his money; and there it was, sure enough, in good bills. "Well," said he, rising, "I will see if I can find any friends who will furnish the funds," and he passed into the ladies' cabin, in which was his state room. He lingered some time, and as the hand was nearing the last minute, returned quietly, took his seat, drew a bulky pocketbook from his breast and laying it upon the table, calmly said:—"Sir, I see your thirty thousand dollars and go a hundred and twenty thousand dollars better, and give you five minutes to raise the money." It was the turn of the astonished gambler to call for a count, but before Mr. Poindexter got through with the hundred and fifty thousand, he threw down his hand—there being too many spectators to make it safe to raise a row—and with his companions, went ashore at the next woodyard.

DEATH BED OF EDMUND KEAN.—Paul Bedford, in "Recollections and Wanderings," thus describes the "death bed of Edmund Kean:"—"I was taken to the chamber of sorrow. Stretched on his humble couch lay the remains of the world's admiration, the body being ungarmented, awaiting the operation of the skilful surgical knife. On looking upon the remains of the dear departed, I observed on the left knee a large blackened bruise. Inquiring of my friend Lee the cause of that blemish, he said that, having attended the bedside of the suffering one for many an anxious night, and being on one occasion overcome by sleep, he was awakened by hearing him utter the well known passage from the tent-scene in Richard, 'A horse! a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!' and at that moment sprang from the couch, falling on his knee, which produced the discoloration of the limb. That event occurred about two hours before the final moment. It was the farewell dream of his earthly greatness."

LEARNING A SECRET.—Here is the way they do in France. A M'lle de A. became indisposed, so her family called in the family doctor and left them together. The doctor was curious and suspicious as to the cause of the young lady's sickness. He drew a lancet from his pocket to bleed her, but at the moment he pressed the vein he exclaimed—"Ah, mon Dieu!" "What is the matter, Monsieur?" "Mademoiselle, I had nearly killed you." "Killed me?" "Listen!" (here he drew a lancet from his pocket), here are two lancets; the first is for wives, the second for maids. You see how necessary it is to be careful in the use of surgical instruments. You are a maiden, of course?" "Certainly, Monsieur." "Well, if I bleed you with a wife's lancet I should kill you; and vice versa. Now, Mademoiselle, hold out your arm; this is the right lancet!" "Doctor!" "Mademoiselle?" "Take the other one!"

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

BREVITIES.

Of what profession is a Whitworth gun? A breeches-maker.

Woman's Mission—Submission.

Tobacco should not be chewed, but eschewed.

If a small boy is a lad, a big boy must be a ladder.

Love is a gardener that pulls up heartsease by the roots.

A Bird that always faces the storm—The weathercock.

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

If a doctor orders bark, has not the patient a perfect right to growl?

The true way for an army to keep warm in winter is to do warm work.

A woman so deaf that she can't hear thunder, may make others hear it.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul.

You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

"I am getting up in the world," as the gudgeon said when drawn out of the water.

"My dear wife," as the man said when he looked at the last milliner's bill.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold.

"Much remains unsung," as a tom cat said when a brick bat cut short his serenade.

One country cannot invade another more effectually than by an army of ideas.

The government of a ship-of-war and that of a newspaper office should be despotisms.

Queer thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I can-cel it; and if I can-cel it, I can't sell it.

Can any civil engineer inform us how it is that the *mouths* of rivers are larger than their *heads?*

"Each moment makes thee dearer," as the parsimonious tradesman said to his extravagant wife.

To ascertain whether a bull is mad—twist his tail, and punch his sides with a pitchfork.

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

A woman is jealous of her whole sex, not because her husband, but because all other men run after it.

There are young women who will lay their heads upon the bosom of one lover to gaze and wink at another.

If a flock of geese see one of their number drink, they will all drink, too. Men often make geese of themselves.

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and *end my days there.*"

A great many persons wish to live their lives over again, because they see where they might have sinned—and didn't.

If you have a sweetheart that is remarkably *charming,* consider whether she hasn't something of the *snake* in her nature.

D-e-b-t are the initial letters of "Dun Every Body Twice." C-r-e-d-i-t are the initial letters of "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

Beware of hasty marriages. When young folks are for going to church they seldom heed whether they are in a slow march or a gallop.

Isn't a woman wet enough with cataract in her eye, a waterfall on her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her skirt, high tied shoes, and a notion in her head?

The bridegroom is often changed from a honey-bird, who, inviting a sweet girl to the sweets of the honeymoon, becomes afterwards a resolute honey-hunting bear.

A man should not make a greater fuss about the wounds of poverty than a girl makes about those of her ears; in both cases hooks to suspend jewels are inserted into the wounds.

Paying in the same Coin.—"Tell your mistress I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to the domestic of a lodging house. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as *rent.*"

BLACK EYES.

Celin to Rose once a suitoring went,
For he lov'd her and thought her a prize—
His happiness hing'd on her giving consent,
For he doted on Rose's black eyes.
Rose heard all his suit, and bid him beware,
To be equally am'rous and wise;
He swore she had driven him into despair
By her beautiful jetty black eyes.
Now wedded they were, he'd his wishes complete;
He laid down—and with pleasure did rise;
And however he toil'd, his reward he thought sweet,
'Twas Rose's two little black eyes.
But how short was his happiness, pr'ythee but list,
He'd much better have let her alone;
For in anger and rage with a neat little fist,
She's now given him two of his own.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Nice Dip.—A clergyman, coming out of the water with a woman he had baptised, asked her how she felt in her mind. He was not a little surprised to hear her answer, "Bully."

Piscatorial.—According to the papers, an enormous skate, seven feet long, was caught off Portland some days ago. This is nothing. We remember a slide at school at least six times the length.

Where She Sot.—*Pedant*—What does c-h-a-i-r spell? *Green Girl*—Don't know. What do you sometimes sit on? Don't want to tell. But you must. I sat on William's knee once, but I'll never do it again.

Douglas Jerrold once said to an ardent young gentleman, who was anxious to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

A Knotty Case.—A gentleman once observing a young lady earnestly at work "knotting" fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," replied she; "pray can you knot?" "I can-*not*, madam," answered he.

Useful Information.—A Scotch duchess was present at a charity school questioning. "What is the wife of a king," she asked.—"A queen," was the answer. "Of an emperor?"—"An empress." "The wife of a duke?"—"A drake!"

Polite and Quiet.—"You must mind your P's and Q's now, Miss Eliza," said an elder sister to a little girl. "Indeed!" she replied; "I suppose I must be *pert* and *quarrelsome!*" "No," replied a third person; "you must be *polite* and *quiet.*"

Encore.—The editor of a magazine having through some inadvertence inserted the same article in two successive numbers of the periodical, was reproached for carelessness. He replied, "You are quite in error; the reason for the second insertion was this—my subscribers approved the article so highly that it was *encored.*"

Not very Polite.—A lady having spoken sharply to Dr. Parr, apologised by saying, "It is the privilege of woman to talk nonsense." "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could, but Nature suffers them only to waddle."

Too Obliging by Half.—A gentleman on leaving a hotel, where he had been stopping several days, rewarded the attention of an obliging servant with a gratuity. "Ah!" said the grateful Pat, "long may your honor live, and may I make your fires *hereafter!*"

Had Him There.—"Come down this instant," said the boatswain to a mischievous son of Erin, who had been idling on the round top. "Come down, I say, and I will give you a good dozen, you rascal." "Troth, sir, and I would not come down if you'd give me two dozen."

How He Made His Money.—"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious-looking wag, who had made some small purchase of him. "It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the answer. Upon this, the questioner proposed to give the man into custody for coining; but he explained, in his defence, that he *made the money* by fiddling.

How it was Done.—An Irishman, addicted to telling queer stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head, and put in on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha! ha! ha!" said a bystander; "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?" "An' sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat. "Couldn't he pick it up with his tathe?"

Nosology.—A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about the visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child particularly to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one [illegible] exclaimed;—"Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't got any."

Kissing the Butcher.—"My dear," said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?" "One of your smiles," replied the husband; "I can dine on that every day!" "But I can't," replied the wife. "Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and went to his business. He returned to his dinner. "This is an excellent steak," said he; "what did you pay for it?" "Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied his wife. "The deuce you did!" exclaimed he; "then you shall have money next time you go to market."

A Particular Man.—Old Marm G—— was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next to godliness," as St. Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself, but she showed a sovereign contempt of it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Joshua was one of the most particular men in the world. "Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee the other morning because it had a black bottle in it!"

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is slavery like an over-boiled egg? Because its *yoke* is hard.

When is iron like a band of robbers? When it's united to steel.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter *a*? Because it makes men "mean."

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before it is used.

What musical instrument has an honorary degree conferred upon it? Fiddle D. D.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose? Because it is read to the very end.

What time by the clock is the most effective? When it strikes one.

Why is a lady who has bought a sable fur at half price like a military officer absent on leave? Because she's got her fur low.

NAUGHTY DOINGS EVERYWHERE.

THE NAKED DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

Truth is stranger than fiction. A trial has been going on at Newark, N. J., which shows up some queer capers on the part of several so-called spiritualists. Some time ago several virtuous people of that pious city were terribly shocked by the appearance of Mrs. and Miss Reeves, and Mr. Wm. McEwen, in a complete state of nakedness. McEwen is said to have been the leading spirit in this outrageous display, although the ladies seem to have acted their parts without much persuasion. They claim to be a new sect, and that stripping themselves, and all that, denotes their purity. McEwen was tried on the charge of outraging public decency, etc. The most important evidence was given by Miss Reeves, herself an important performer in the naked drama. Her testimony will be read with interest by all classes:—

MISS REEVES,

daughter of the Mrs. Reeves in question, is quite a prepossessing young lady, with a blooming complexion and robust form, and though her features are not regular, still they are comely and attractive. Her tall, erect form and graceful carriage, would adorn any drawing room, and her vivacious manners and pleasant smile would win admirers. It was a matter of astonishment to everybody how McEwen could have gained such a mastery over her, as she seems to be endowed with as much intelligence as the majority of her sex. Dressed in plain though substantial attire, she neither courted nor evaded observation, but sat through the proceedings in an adjoining apartment and chatted gaily with all who chose to speak to her, advancing and maintaining opinions with all the confidence and airs of a professional controversialist. In a very prepossessed manner and pleasantly intonated voice she smilingly gave the following testimony, without the least hesitation or even a blush:—

My mother was laboring under great excitement, I think, on account of her sister's death; what has been said in regard to the exhibition, is perfectly true; I cannot remember every word that Mr. McEwen said, but he neither said nor did anything improper nor immodest; I have known him since last November; we all used to believe in spiritualism, but I think, in fact I am pretty sure, my brothers have given up such foolish notions altogether; we founded our belief on the doctrines of the Bible, which doctrines are similar to those entertained by spiritualists; I believe we should do as Christ did, and commune with the spirit; nothing was done on that occasion from wantonness or lasciviousness; I do not exactly believe all things just as I did on New Years day; under the condition of his mind I think it was right for Dr. McEwen to do as he did, and I think so now; we had to do it, as the spirits commanded my mother to go into the street and promulgate the truth, and she commanded McEwen to undress and go with her; Christ never did as we did, but he inculcated that moral law, "Children obey your parents," and I had to obey my mother's commands; I know that my mother made every one in the house do as she wanted, because she possessed a natural and supernatural influence; I don't think it is a necessary part of our creed to make another exposure of our persons—once is sufficient as a test of our purity; we believed this before McEwen came to our house; when we appeared nude, we thought that there was nothing immodest; we went on the principle "to the pure all things are pure."

Miss Reeves was here asked if she had seen McEwen appear naked before, and after some hesitation she replied: "I have seen him do so before, but not often; he commenced these naked displays about the first of December; he was in the habit of doing it in the evening; McEwen is a tailor and my mother worked with him; they did the business and I did the housework; the exhibition was made in the house before me and my mother in one of the rooms, once in a bedroom; these things were done under the influence of excitement and not from lasciviousness or wantonness, and were done at mother's request; we did nothing but strip ourselves; I never knew McEwen to use improper conversation; he slept in the hall bedroom, not always by himself; he generally slept with the children, sometimes with my mother and myself; did not consider there was any impropriety in it, so long as we conducted ourselves in a pure, chaste manner; Dr. McEwen was not in the habit of praying; we three were undressed when we slept together; on none of these occasions did we commit indecent acts or indulge in obscene conversation; never seen or heard of other people doing these things; I think pretty well of McEwen because he is a pure man; and it would be right to sleep with him, but not with any other man; no other man is so pure as he; I slept at the back of the bed, Dr. McEwen in the middle, and my mother on the outside; I do not know how often my mother slept with McEwen; I did it once before New Year's; we never had any command over her at all; I think the cause of all her excitement was the death of her sister; mamma represented at the time she put her arms around me and McEwen that we were the trinity and she the mother of Christ; I believed then I was only Miss Reeves; I don't know what McEwen believed; when we made the exhibition I thought that we were but human beings, just men and women; did not feel any shame at this time, but don't know what I ought to have felt; I only know what I did feel; on the occasion when the arrest was made mother was the first to undress.

PROFESSOR WICKS,

a leading light in the Spiritualist Church, who has been indicted for selling obscene books, testified as follows:—

I saw McEwen on the evening of the arrest; he came rushing into our printing office and seemed to be crazy; he had nothing on but his pants and undershirt; he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and sat down on the floor and related what he called the *wonders* he had seen, referring to the exhibition, with glaring eyes; he said he held the world, it was whirling at his will; Mrs. Reeves had done wonders; the world was coming to an end; I finally got him into the bath room, where he staid so long I had to drag him out; then he said he would raise the dead and blow the roof off the house; while we were eating supper he ran out again and got into the bath, and then ran up a ladder and said he was God Almighty; the world had got to strip and show itself; I have got to strip and show myself to the world—(much laughter); he said that it was God's decree that all should undress and show themselves; he said that he was going to jail, but he was ready to die for the world; on New Year's night I heard a great knocking and thought it was some hoax; I had been bothered to death with people coming to see my adopted child, "the hairy infant" now at Barnum's Museum; on opening the door, a lot of doctors and police officers rushed in, hunting for McEwen; while they were in the room McEwen came in from the back room, looking like a *gentleman*, and put his arms around Judge Mills; he got first on one side and then on the other to keep the *bad influence* off; the hairy child at Barnum's is my adopted child, for which I traveled 700 miles to get; Barnum paid me $3,000 for the use of it; I am a divorced man and have several natural children of my own; obtained a divorce in Vermont; McEwen was quiet on the evening of the arrest, but kept whirling his head; this hair infant is no relation of mine; I found it in Virginia, and named it Anna Jones Wicks; I put in the name Jones for the sake of euphony.

The Jury convicted McEwen.

THE SHOEMAKER AND HIS SPARE RIB.

CURIOUS CASE OF ASSAULT.

Mrs. Mary Higgins, a responsible dealer in *oysters, scallops,* &c., from the purlieus of —— market, was indicted for violently assaulting a female friend named Elizabeth Bradly. From the testimony of the prosecutrix it appeared that the defendant is the wife of a shoemaker, who carries on his leathern operations in a room contiguous to the stall of his *rib;* that Mrs. Bradley, who was an acquaintance of the family, one day paid them a morning visit, either for the purpose of tasting Mrs. Higgins' oysters, or having her shoes heel-tapped by her friend *Crispin.* But as those friendly meetings are seldom deemed *cordial* without a *modicum* of *gin* or *anniseed,* just to *oil* the *wheels* of affection, Mrs. Higgins was detached with her *pocket pistol* for a pint of *high-flavored juniper,* leaving her *sposa* and her female friend *tete-a-tete,* but on her return with the reviving elixir, what was her astonishment and indignation to find her *sposa* and her *friend* in a situation not to be named! The gin bottle flew at their heads in an instant; *lasts, lap-stones, hammers* and *pegging awls* followed in quick succession. Mrs. Higgins, *bristling* up with anger, *waxed* exceedingly wrath, and brandishing the *boot-trees,* threatened to *close* her husband's days, and put an *end* to his life.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

Crispin, terrified at the vengeance of his enraged *sposa,* apprehensive of a severe *leathering,* and not liking the *size-stick* with which she threatened to measure his head, abandoned his *quarters,* took to his *heels* and *vamped* off without ceremony, leaving his frail gossip to receive from Mrs. Higgins a complete *welting* in *black* and *blue,* from which no *craft* could save her; although she sought to conciliate the ire of Mrs. Higgins by assuring her that her husband was as much to blame as she was. Mrs. Higgins, satisfied with the ample *damages* she had taken of her rival, had no notion of proceeding for further revenge; but Mrs. Bradley thought fit to prosecute for the assault. Mrs. Higgins acknowledged the fact, and was of course subject to a verdict of guilty, and fined six cents.

PROSTITUTION IN THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

Superintendent Kennedy makes the following report to the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police in reference to prostitution and prostitutes in New York and Brooklyn:—The whole number of houses of prostitution is 525; of houses of assignation, 99; of saloons where waiter girls attend, 33; of public prostitutes, 2,070; and of waiter girls, 245; showing a reduction in each class since January 24, 1867, except assignation houses, in which there has been a small increase. The reduction in the city of New York during the year is as follows:—Houses of prostitution, 46; of saloons with waiter girls, 6; of public prostitutes, 507; of waiter girls, 92; and the increase of houses of assignation is 2. The aggregate number of such establishments in the two cities is 657; and of the females connected with them, 2,315.

The Can-Can.—What is the Can-Can? This question is doubtless asked by many who have heard of this wonderful dance, and who have never been so fortunate or unfortunate as to spend an hour at the Mabille or Prado, Paris. Until the representation of Offenbach's charming opera of "La Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein," Americans knew little or nothing of this nondescript dance. "La Duchesse" has given the New Yorkers, Bostonians and Brooklynites a little of it, and the *ballet* in the "White Fawn," at Niblo's, goes farther, but still, thank fortune, the Can-Can is among the mysteries with us. No actress or *danseuse* has yet dared to, and we hope never will, give us the genuine article. The meaning of the word Can-Can is, according to Spiers & Surenne's French Dictionary, noise, prattle, tittle-tattle, tale-bearing. But what of the dance? It is seen in all its glory at the students' ball, the Mabille, Le Jardin des Fleurs, and other like places in Paris. But what is it? It is simply indescribable. *Ladies* (?) and *gentlemen* (?) in many cases are hired and paid by the proprietors of the gardens, because it requires experience and long practice to dance the Can Can. "Pouvez vous cancer le Can-Can?" is often heard in the Paris places of resort of the *demi monde,* but wo betide him, or her who attempts it without a full knowledge of its many intricate movements. High hats are at a discount where the Can-Can is going on. They are liable at any moment to be sent by the foot of a fair dancer to the corner of a room or garden, and to be recovered in a somewhat dilapidated condition. Tall men are in demand. The lady who removes the chapeau of a six footer receives the congratulations and applause of the audience. Verily, the Can-Can is a French institution, and from all appearances is likely to become popular in America. Already Boston has established a Can-Can school, so it is said. The Can-Can must be seen to be appreciated. Who can describe it? Who can tell of the fair ones whirling around like a tee-to-tum upon one leg, the other high in the air. Mabille is visited by nearly all Americans who chance in Paris, and we warrant that none of them will ever forget the Can-Can.

A Girl of Fourteen Leaves her Home to Lead a Life of Shame.—Last evening we became acquainted with the particulars of a very sad case. A young girl, whose name we suppress, of a decidedly prepossessing appearance, was, at the instigation of her father, who resides in Lawrenceville, arrested and confined on a charge, the nature of which may be briefly explained as follows:—About two months ago the girl, who is aged between fourteen and fifteen years, left her parents' roof and went they knew not whither. They tried every means to learn her whereabouts, but not until a day or two since were their efforts rewarded with success. Then by a mere accident they discovered that she was stopping at a notorious house on Liberty street. The father went at once to the unfortunate creature and besought her to return home, but the fascinations of her erratic life were too powerful to allow her to yield to the solicitations of her parent and she bluntly refused to quit her evil abode. Procuring the services of an officer, he had her arrested with the intention of sending her to the House of Refuge. The girl states that on her liberation she intends returning at once to the scene of her degradation. She has been rather loquacious since her arrest, and among other things stated that the love of fine clothes and money chiefly led her to abandon her home.—*Pittsburg Dispatch, Jan. 25.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

M. M. Cook, Marion, Ala.—Is the pretty problem, which you christen "the Rebel," of your own composition? If it be, we will publish it with much pleasure.

Enigma No. 610.

"Ingenii pugnas age, gratia, justa Minervam.

FOURTH PRIZE.—LUDWIG VON BILOW.



at K Kt 5, her 6, K Kt 3, K 6, K 5, Q B 3, K Kt 2, K B 6th.



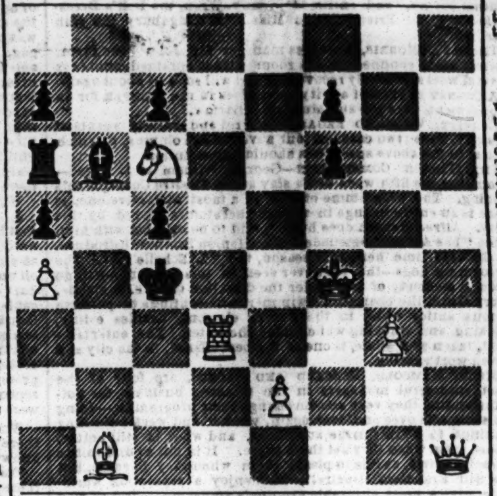
at his 5, Q sq, Q B 5, K 7, Q B 4, Q Kt 2, and 3, K B 6th, and Black Pawns at Q B 3, K Kt 2, and 3, and K R 4th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 610.--Tourney No. 18.

"IN REVERENDUM."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in six moves.

Game No. 610.

Played at Chicago, between our contributor H. Hosmer and Dr. S. Leslie.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack. Mr. Hosmer.	Defence. Dr. Leslie.	Attack. Mr. Hosmer.	Defence. Dr. Leslie.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q Kt to B 3	K to his B sq
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	14..K Kt-K 5	K Kt-B 4
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	15..Q B-B 4	K B × P (b)
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	16..Kt × B 1st P	K × K Kt
5..K Kt-K 5	P-K R 4	17..P-Q 6 +	K-Kt 3
6..K B-B 4	K Kt-R 3	18..Q P × P	Q × Q
7..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	19..Q R × Q	Q Kt-B 3
8..K Kt-Q 3	P-K B 6	20..Kt P × B	K Kt × P
9..P-K Kt 3	P-Q 4	21..Q B-Q 6 +	K-his B 4
10..K P × P	K Kt-B 4	22..Q B-Kt 3	K Kt-his 3
11..K-his B 2	Kt × Q 1st P(a)	23..K B-Q 3 +	K-Kt 4
12..K R-K sq +	K B-K 2	24..R × K Kt, mate.	

(a) From this point something seems to go wrong with the Defence.

(b) A brave but unavailing attempt to reverse the steam of attack. Our correspondent takes this very opportunity neatly to crown his assault with victory.

Partie from "Brevity and Brilliancy in Chess."

(Remove the Attack's Q Kt)

CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.

N. Marache.	Amateur.	N. Marache.	Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..K Kt to K 5	B × K Kt (c)
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	9..Q-K B 5	Q-K 2
3..K Kt-B 3	K B-K 2	10..K B × P	Q-her B 4
4..K B-B 4	B-K R 5 +	11..K R-B 8 + +	K-his 2
5..P-K Kt 3	B 2d P × P	12..Q-K B 7 +	K-Q 3
6..Castles	P × B P +	13..P-Q 4 (d)	Q × Q P
7..K-his R sq	K B-his 3	14..Q B-K 3 (e)	Q × Q B, and

Mr. M. announces mate in eight moves.

(c) Bad! K Kt to K 2d, in order to castle, is much stronger.

(d) Well played, freeing the Bishop.

(e) Good, again! He has now

"Made for a space an opening large,"

frustrated his adversary's mating designs, and completely driven his Queen out of play.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

Reader, New Castle, and others.—The problem contains a typographical error. Place the man on 7 to square 17. We cannot now recall to mind the original.

F. S., Haverhill.—We will reply to you in our next.

Dick, Boston, Mass.—We do not reply to correspondents by mail except in particular instances. See reply to "Reader."

A. K. Victor, Baltimore, Md.—As soon as we can learn we will inform you.

O. M. Thatcher, Steubenville, O.—Money received. Book not ready. What shall we do with the money?

Game No. 37.—Vol. XV.

Played between Messrs. Pike and Shiff.

"BROOKLYN."

Black. Mr. Pike.	White. Mr. Shiff.	Black. Mr. Pike.	White. Mr. Shiff.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	10..11 to 15	10 to 7 (b)
2..11 16	26 23	11..3 10	26 23
3..8 11	22 17	12..19 26	30 7
4..14 18	23 14	13..2 11	27 23
5..9 18	19 15	14..1 6	21 17
6..4 8	24 20	15..15 18	23 14
7..16 19	31 26	16..9 18	32 27
8..6 9(a)	15 10	17..11 15	28 24 (c)
9..7 14	17 10	18..8 11	25 22

Drawn.

(a) Why not? (b) "Mutual slaughter." (c) 25 to 22 will also draw.

Solution of Position No. 71.--Vol. XV.

BY JABEZ WHEAT, ESQ.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..23 to 19	26 to 17	2..18 to 22	17 to 26

White wins.

Solution of Position No. 72.--Vol. XV.

BY BOBBY.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..17 to 14	32 to 23	3..14 to 9, and wins.	
2..15 11	22 8		

Position No. 73, Vol. XV. Position No. 74, Vol. XV.

BY THE "JERSEY GHOST." — BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY THE ED. D. D. — BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and draw.

A French Hit.—A French priest, who had usually a very small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of his district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

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SPORTS ABROAD.

Landon and Barry.—Another proof was given on Jan. 10th of how easily a mill can be brought off in a quiet sort of way to all parties be so minded. One between Landon, of Tottenham-court-road, and Barry, of Somers Town, at catch-weight, took place then, and terminated satisfactorily. Under the guidance of Nat Langham, and for the gratification of some gentlemen patrons of the P. R., the above lads were selected, and a very early start and a long journey brought the parties to the neighborhood of Hampshire, where the ring was quickly formed, and no time was lost in getting to business. A referee was soon appointed, and the men were attended by accomplished seconds. The affair calls for little remark beyond saying that, although there was no particular talent displayed, it was a game encounter throughout. Barry, although the taller man—standing 5ft. 6in.—weighed 9st; while Landon, 5ft. 3in., weighed 10st 6lb. Barry gained first event in the very first round by a cut on the ear, but he was knocked down in the third bout by a fine cross-counter. From this point Landon took a decided lead, and Barry was knocked down three times; but it was not until he was blind that he gave in to the repeated urgings of his seconds, struggling gamely to the last. He was much punished, and at the end of the forty-first round the sponge was thrown up in token of his defeat, and Landon was hailed the winner after fighting one hour and twenty-five minutes. The winner did not come off scatheless. The proceedings were of the most orderly description.

A Thoroughly Game Mill.—Peter Hewitt, of Newcastle, and George Turnbull, of Burnopfield, fought a short distance from Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., on Jan. 14th, the former staking £30 to Turnbull's £20. The men are pugilists of some local notoriety and for some time had been in active preparation for the carrying off of the little mill. The place selected as the scene of action was Hedley Fell, a few miles to the west of Newcastle, where the ring was formed by about ten o'clock, A. M., in the presence of about 500 persons, and the fight was soon commenced. Hewitt had the advantage, weighing 12st. 6lb. to Turnbull's 11st. The heavy weight was made the favorite, at 2 to 1, and as the fight went on the odds increased a point more in his favor. For two hours the mill was kept up without interruption, both men doing excellent work, punishing each other severely, Hewitt having the best of the fighting throughout. 104 rounds had been fought when a number of policemen came up and broke up the ring. A move was made to another locality, where the ring was again formed, and Hewitt entered and was ready to continue the fight. Turnbull, however, did not put in an appearance within a specified time, upon which the stakes were claimed by Hewitt. Turnbull, however, afterwards denied receiving information that the fight would be resumed within a certain time, and objected to the stakes being paid over to his opponent. The police obtained warrants for the apprehension of the two combatants and a large number of persons who were spectators.

Peter Morris and Fawcett.—The extraordinary match between these English feather weights, which was never expected to amount to anything, has resulted in a draw.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE AT SHANGHAI.

We have received an account of the International Boat Races which eventuated at Shanghai on the 28th of October, in which the American eight were beaten by the English eight, though several of the other races were won by American crews. The distance rowed in the eight-oared race was one mile and a half. The American crew was composed of J. F. Seaman, Jr., G. G. Hopkins, T. A. Ives, H. S. Geary, E. U. Smith, Frank Reid, R. G. Lowe; A. A. Hayes, Jr., stroke; C. J. Ashley, coxswain. The day chosen proved unfavorable for the sport, there being a strong head wind, which was specially disadvantageous to either crew which should by chance be assigned the outside. The English won the toss and and chose the inside, leaving to the Americans the rough water, and the longer distance occasioned by two sharp turns in the course. As the crews passed up to the starting post popular opinion seemed largely to favor the Americans, owing to their superior form, and the sound of the starting gun was awaited with great excitement, only exceeded by the intense eagerness evinced in watching for the re-appearance of the contending crews round the upper bend, where the Americans, having effected a fine start, with a rapid and sweeping stroke of forty-two to the minute, showed a full length ahead. After fairly rounding the turn, they settled down to about thirty-eight strokes, and the two boats held their respective positions until at the curve of the course at the half-way point, where the Americans encountered the rough water, when a perceptible diminution of their speed became apparent, and upon arrival at the lower bend, three-eighths of a mile from home, were but half a length. Here, from the force of the wind on the bow of their boat, she swerved from her course, and before recovering, had made a long outer sweep of the bend, shipping water at every stroke, while the English, cleverly availing themselves of their position, had closely hugged the inner shore and placed themselves in advance, which advantage they maintained till the finish, crossing the winning-post amid the most intense excitement, something more than a length ahead, thus retrieving their loss of the previous year. Both crews were vociferously cheered upon coming in, and the disadvantages incident to the case freely discussed, of which the popular voice seemed to credit the Americans with rather more than their share; thus for a year ending a friendly struggle, which, in anticipation and participation, has served to soften the monotony of our Eastern life. The Americans, however, were not without their share of the honors of the regatta. The Galley, six oars, and the Cutter, twelve oars, of the U. S. steamer Ashuelot, each handsomely won their men-of-war races, against English and French competitors. The Merchants, for the Hong race, was easily taken by the crew from the house of Olyphant & Co., A. R. Hayes, Jr., of Boston, stroke—all being from the American eight. The Broker's Cup, a most exciting single scull race, was well taken by Mr. E. G. Low, of Boston, also one of the eight. The Broker's Cup was well rowed for and won by the crew, of which another member of the eight, Mr. Frank Reid, of Newburgh, New York, was stroke; while the G[illegible]n's race fell to the crew of which Mr. W. R. Stephens, of Alabama, was stroke.

Testimonial to William Gray.—On the evening of Jan. 10th, the friends and admirers of William Gray, who became Champion Racket player of the World, by defeating Foulkes, of this city, met at the Castle Inn, Cambridge, Eng., for the purpose of acknowledging his ability as a player. An excellent dinner was provided, and Francis Russell Hall occupied the chair, faced by John Phillips, of tennis renown. The testimonial consisted of a silver-mounted belt, and an elaborate timepiece, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to William Gray, Champion Racket Player of the World, as a token of esteem by his fellow-townsmen.

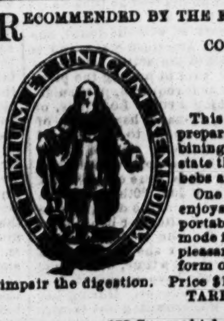
The Kelley-Sadler Case.—A "trial heat" preliminary to the great legal match between these famous British scullers came off in chambers, before Mr. Justice Shee, on Jan. 11th, and resulted decidedly in favor of the stakeholder. Mr. Brickwood appeared for the plaintiff (Sadler), and Mr. Sanderson Tennant for the defendant. The defendant had obtained leave from the Master to plead, together with the general issue, a plea briefly embodying the facts of the case, and from this decision the plaintiff appealed to Mr. Justice Shee, who, after hearing counsel on both sides, dismissed the appeal with full costs against the plaintiff. The case itself will probably come on for trial during the latter half of February.

Death of a Jockey.—Charles F. Boyce, the once popular steeple-chase rider, died suddenly on January 5th near Ball's Pond, London, Eng., of congestion of the lungs.

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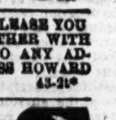
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City Summary.

MONDAY, Feb. 3, '68.

"THIS is the second month alone," if we are correctly informed by the gentlemanly compiler of our almanacs, and has as the olden time poet remarks, in figuring up the number of days allotted to each, "but twenty-eight in fine, till leap year gives it twenty-nine," by which scientific calculation, it will be seen, we get the best of "Time, that cheat of human bliss," by twenty-four hours. But it is not alone in this timely gain that the present is an important month in the world's progress. No! that is but a secondary consideration. The great point of interest *is the latitude it allows the softer sex to "pair off," as they say in Congress*, and choose their mates for a life engagement; or rather, to declare their *feelings* to the objects of their hearts' desires; and, forsaking fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, cleave unto the sons of others until death do them part. Let the ladies, then, improve the present opportunity, and, in the blissful language of a human poet,

Strike, till the last old bach. expires,
Strike for the altars, and good warm fires,
Man, and the nuptial band.

And yet how many get caught in the silken meshes of matrimony who would gladly part with a good eye, if, by so doing, they could be ensured a severance from those government bonds; for, once the honey-moon is over, broomsticks and pokers come into play with those whose temperaments are not congenial, and then stand back! We dare not invade the sanctity of such a state of domestic infelicity. How truly spoke the eminent Wm. Shakespeare, when he said:—

"Men are April when they woo, December when they wed,
Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes
when they are wives."

William doubtless had been round, and had weighty reasons for all he said or did. This taking advantage of leap year, however, is a thing we do not hold to, and we caution our male friends to be on their guard against the insidious wiles of an unrelenting foe. Beware of 'em, men; trust 'em not; tell you what you do:—

If ever you are tackled
By some longing, anxious dame,
Who would with you be shackled
And likewise take your name:
And pleads in fondest tones about
It being now leap year:
Just all her expectations flout
By following this ere—
She'll February praise; then talk
In tones as stiff as starch,
And show her, by the way you walk,
That *you* much more like March.

......Talking of weighty reasons brings to mind a little incident which occurred a few evenings since at a hostelrie where congregate many of our circus friends. Among those present on the occasion referred to were Doc. T., a man of considerable avoirdupois, and the jovial landlord of the "Showman's Snug Harbor." "Doc," said the man what keeps the place, eyeing the circuitous expounder with a perfidious expression, "what is your weight?" "Two-eighty," replied the genial dispenser of mirthful prescriptions. "Ah!" responded mine host, with a leer at the surrounding multitude, "*too* weighty!" and not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast. The joke was greatly enjoyed by the "Miller and his Men."...... Brother Allen's Chapel has "merged." Having an evening to spare during the past week, and being somewhat tired with the theatres, we concluded to spend an hour or two with our colored friends of Brother Allen's Chapel. Arriving at the old shanty, we were surprised to find the chapel in darkness. Meeting an ebony brother, we accosted him thus:—"Is there to be a meeting to-night in Brother Allen's Chapel?" This in deferential tones, for we were conscious that since "de breddren" gained "their freedom and their rights," a white man must conduct himself with extreme courtesy, especially in those quarters where the black man rules the roost. "Is there to be a meeting to-night at Brother Allen's Chapel?" "Dar won't be no mo' meetins' in de good old spot," responded our tri-colored friend, "for de Chapel has *merged*." "You don't mean to say that the place is closed for good?" "Yes I does, for Brother Allen's Chapel has *merged*, I tell you; it has merged wid de 'True B'leevers,' down in Benson street." To Benson street we repaired, and, directed by our merging friend, we found the sanctuary of the "True B'leevers." Brother Allen was present, and we also saw many shining lights that we had previously encountered in our visits to Brother Allen's Chapel. The house was crowded from pit to dome, by the time the services commenced, and the assemblage was of that mixed sort which characterises all nigger meetings. We were not long in discovering that a "good feeling" prevailed in the congregation, and that an unusually happy time was looked for. At half past seven sharp, "de man what does de whitewashin oh!" rose, and said: "Beloved frens, we will commence de evenin's services by singing dat good old hymn:

'You must be a lover of the Lor','

We will be stremely happy to hab our white fellow cittins jine in de singing." Seated in a few reserved seats on the front bench, was the choir, and, led by old aunt Peggins, the whole congregation went in with a will, singing the legitimate words, and, when those were finished, putting in everything that came uppermost. At last, very unthoughtedly, we have no doubt, old Bill Jibeson, a devout grain carrier, started a verse:

"You must be a doubter of the Lor'"

and the flock were pitchin' in with a perfect abandon, when Brother Allen got upon a bench and shouted "Stop dar, stop dar; breddern, dat will *never* do." But the voices rang out in deafning tones,

"You must be a doubter of the lor', or,
Oh, you must be a doubter in de lor' or, or, or,
Oh, you must be a doubter in de lor' or, or,
Or you can't cross Jordan at all."

Brother Allen all the while screaming at the top of his voice:—"You is all *wrong*, brudders; we don't want no doubters in de lor' *here!* Come down, massa, and ride froo dis doubtin' congregation' on your white horse—trample dem rebelyos spirts under foot." But the singers went on, ignorant of the error they had been led into by the unconscious Jibeson, and things became lively; Brother Allen was livid with rage, which the merged congregation ascribed to a good feelin'—the louder he shouted, the louder roared the lambs; Jibeson became infected, and at the end of "you must be a doubter," cried out "amen and *amen!* Let de good work go on. Put anoder stick in dat stove over yonder, brudder Stanley, and keep de place *warm!* Oh! mighty." "Stop dat sinful singin'," shouted the enraged Allen, "or you'll hab de whole congregation 'sumed wid fire and brimstone, for dose sackerligious acts. Who started dat doubter verse? Who *was* it?" "Jibeson!" was cried on all sides, as soon as the mistake had been discovered. "Turn out de doubtin' nigger—out wid him, out wid him," and in a few moments Bill Jibeson was turned out into the cold, and the proceedings were resumed amid much excitement. "Will brudder Noseby pray wid us?" asked the pastor. Brother Noseby, whom we recognised as a little bow-legged darkey we had often seen dancing for eels at Catherine Market, on a Sunday morning, rose and said:—"We bow down on dose decevin' knees ob a weak and perishin' body dis night, to intercede for de simple-minded hearers widin de reach of my voice; and owin' to a severe cold I got at Betsy Drinkwood's prayer meetin' toder night, I must be breef. Save us all; save de heethen in his blindness, as well as de white man what bows down to wood and stone. Oh, save 'em. ["Save de down trodden slaves first!" "Amen!" Bring down de power."] Let de collection be liberal; don't stop to pick out bad cents. ["There's nothing but bad scents in the place;" whispered an irreverent white sinner], for de collection dis night, you'll 'member, is for de benefit of our trusty sexton, Dudevant Morgan, as good a man as ever dug a fellow bein's grave. Let de currency flow into brudder Stevens' new hat like milk and honey, like dat milk and honey which warmed up dose perishin' souls as dey walked dry shod ober de Red Sea after dare enemy was swallowed up in de great freshet. ["Amen—and don't forget dar's money wanted for a load of wood."] Yes, dat's true enuf, my brudders, de wood is out, and dar's no more in de cellar; let de collection be large, so as to 'nable Father Morgan to buy more wood, for we can't pray widout de body's warm," etc. The congregation rose, a hymn was sung, and then Brother Allen delivered an impressive discourse, of which the following is but a brief synopsis:—"My frens and fellow wandrers on dis vale of tears, de subject to which your 'tention is 'vited dis evenin' is in de new testament, where it says—'All men are created ekal, and are 'dowed wid life, liberty and happiness;' dar you have de whole subjeck in a nut shell, so to speak. But what, my hearers, do it benefit a man if, in de pursuit of dese tings, he lose his own soul at de last? Let me 'lustrate it more clarly:—we'll take Mrs. Grimshaw, frinstans; all of yous knows dat lady—you are 'ware she sells de best clam soup to be found in de wide range of dis unaccountable spear; 'spose, in her desire to keep up her character for makin' good soup, dat she 'lows it to git de better of herself, to take her idees from de spirit of troof, and confine 'em to her *clam soup*—what will she be in de day of jubilum? What good will her clam soup do at de last day? So it is wid de 'fessin Christian:—he gets hisself so worked up in de common clam soup of life dat he forgits de life everlastin', and is lost at de last. ["Dat's so, brudder Allen—dar was old Ben. Janeway, de piousest man in all de Delaware confrens at one time; his lub for dat wench killed him dead, and where is he now?" Great sensation in the congregation.] My frens, I want to lib so dat when I die I shall be like a lam purified in a furnace, wid five or six of my beloved bruddern to carry me on a barrier to dat grave whar dar's no return from it. ["Oh! sakes! hab yer lamps burnin' all night."] Yes, indeedy; I wants to go right up to de highest degree; no loungin' on de way, going up de ladder ob grace a step at a time, and maybe dat ole ladder break down wid yer 'fore yer haf way up. ["Does yer 'bleeve in dat, Brudder Allen? Does yer 'bleeve dat a man has to work his way up like de Free Masons?" "Hear him!" "Answer his question, Brudder Allen."] Yes, I 'bleeves anyting dat de testament tells me. In de ——, never mind, I disremember de chapter, but de language is dis—'dar be terreschual glory, and seleschual glory; dar's a glory ob de sun, anoder ob de moon, anoder ob de stars.' You doesn't be expected to know what dat parable means, because you haven't de book larnin'. I'll splane it to your noxious minds. De sun shines by day, and dat is his glory; de moon comes out sometimes at night time, when dar isn't no oder light, and dat is *his* glory; dose little stars you see 'twinklin' up yonder neber goes out at night time, because they must work dare way up until they become like de sun, and moon—so it is wid de deceased 'fessor of religion. ["Oh! what glorious talk—go on, brudder Allen." "Who luf dat door open?" "Go on wid de diskoors." "Keep up de fire in de stove as well as in de soul!" "Amen! Amen."] Yes, my frens, in dis frownin' world we must keep de fire burnin', keep it burnin' *everywhar!* ["Let it burn now! Set dese sinners' harts afire."] Dar must be no water to drown out dat fire till de everlastin' debbil is burned out ob you! ["Oh! root him out." "Amen *and* amen!" "Don't go way till de collection's tuk, brudder Jefferson." "Close dat door."] And den de people will shout, and de Kent bugle be blowed, and de colored people will rise like one man! ["Oh! mighty. *Do* hear him talk." "Here's a seat for you, Miss Killmeyer; bress de lam."] And dar will they keep marchin' on, like old John Brown. ["Bress old John Brown." "A-men!" Great excitement—men and women crying, some standing on benches, some piled in windows—great enthusiasm everywhere.] Yes, indeedy; we'll keep de fire burnin'! *Fire* in de Norf, *fire* in de Souf, *fire* in de East, *fire everywhere*—FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! ["Fire!" shrieked an old woman in the rear of the room. "Fire!" shouted those near her, and all was uproar. "Fire" was the cry from one end of the room to the other. A rush was made by the True B'leevers for the only door in the room; it opened inward, but the surging black mass pressed against it, and prevented it from being opened. "Fire! fire!" shouted the bewildered assemblage. Windows were broken open—some leaped through, crying "fire" at the extent of their voices. The sound was taken up by persons in the street; the alarm spread—fire bells rang, engines and hooks and ladders came rushing along. The engines were got to work, and in a short time the congregation were deluged with water, the front of the building torn out, and a safe deliverance granted to the True B'leevers. Brother Allen was afterwards heard to say that in all his experience as a minister of the truth he had never witnessed such a lively feeling as that which prevailed among his congregation on that occasion.]

UNPROPITIOUS WEATHER has exercised a damaging effect upon several places of amusement since our last, and the week's business may be set down as from fair to middling, with a downward tendency. Balls, masquerades, sociables, etc., also help to divert attention from theatres and like resorts, and only first class stars can aid in bringing about an improvement.

THEODORE DUTTON, a gentleman well and favorably known among showmen, particularly circus and minstrel managers, as an old printer of show work in this city, died in Wilton, near this city, on January 28th, aged 45 years. His funeral took place on the 1st inst., and was attended by a large number of the masonic fraternity. Mr. Dutton was in the printing business for a long time. He originally started with Farwell and afterwards was associated with Purcell. For the past few years he has been with James Torrey and Brothers, of this city.

WM. CARLETON IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Independent of this popular Irish vocalist and dancer appearing in a new line of business lately, that of a speaking part in "Pickwick Papers," at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, he also appeared in another character on January 28th, when he was brought before Judge Dowling, in the Court of Special Sessions, being accused by his wife, Catharine Carleton, with infidelity, *i. e.*, abandonment. William contends, however, that his fair *cara sposa* is in the wrong, and brings a counter suit for divorce against the fair one, charging her with having at divers times, without his consent, procurement or connivance, committed adultery. Ex-Justice Phillips, who is engaged as counsel for William, asked for an adjournment of the trial for abandonment until the divorce suit is concluded. Mr. Wilcox, who appeared for the wife, stated that an order had been made by his honor Justice Cardozo, for an investigation as to alimony, counsel fees, etc., in the divorce suit, and that the same was referred to Mr. William M. Tweed, Jr., to take proof of all the allegations and report the same to the Supreme Court. Under these circumstances Justice Dowling adjourned the abandonment case until a hearing was had in the divorce case, to see if in reality Mrs. Catharine Carleton was guilty of the acts charged against her by her husband.

CONCERNING THEATRES.—A bill in reference to the safety and comfort of persons attending theatres in this city was introduced in the Assembly on the 28th of January. It provides that it shall not be lawful for any manager, managers, or any person employed by them, to place any seats, benches or stools, or any obstruction in the aisles or passage-way in any building occupied or used for theatres, concerts, lectures, or any place of amusement or instruction; nor shall it be lawful for any person to stand, or sit, or in any way obstruct ingress or egress in any of the above-described buildings. It further provides that any person violating the foregoing provisions shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and subject to a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars for each and every offence. It is also made the duty of each and every member of the Metropolitan Police to arrest any person or persons who shall in any way violate any provision of this act.

LOTTA opened her engagement at the Broadway Theatre on Jan. 27th, in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," which was repeated each evening during the week. The support rendered her by the company was rather poor. Mr. Stoddart's Dick Swiveler, J. Moore's Sampson Brass and Mrs. Gilbert's Sally Brass, were the best played parts, but none of them equal to the cast during Lotta's previous engagement in this play. Mr. C. Hale was clever only as Quilp, but the rendition suffered in comparison with that of Mr. E. Coleman, who is probably the best ever seen in the *role*. Mr. Stoddart tried to do his best as Dick Swiveler, but the result was not as successful as was that of Williamson in the same character. Mrs. Gilbert is, without doubt, one of the best eccentric old women on the American Stage, and is good in everything she plays. The rest of the acting was below mediocrity. Very little attention was paid in placing the piece upon the stage in as careful a manner as it required, particularly if the manager expected it to enjoy a run. Lotta was, of course, the life of the piece, and her off-hand, happy style of acting, charmed every one who appeared willing to overlook all shortcomings, either from the management or the company. She was received each night with the most tumultuous applause, and her banjo solo and clog dance were each *encored* from four to five times. On the evening of Jan. 30th, the house was crowded in spite of a heavy fall of snow and the disagreeable walking, and she was called out five times after her banjo solo. Lotta is, indeed, a dramatic curiosity, for she is the "biggest little star" in the United States, and wherever she has appeared has attracted crowded houses for two weeks at a time, while some of the brightest male and female stars who have appeared just before her have played to almost empty benches. During her last engagement in Chicago, while she was crowding one theatre E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack were doing a miserable business at the other house. On the occasion of Mr. Davenport's last performance there, in a speech, he said that the next time he came to Chicago, he would execute a clog dance and Mr. Wallack would play a walk around on a banjo.

LUCILLE WATSON continues her engagement at the New York Circus. As an equestrienne she is possessed of no small amount of talent and has awakened each evening considerable enthusiasm by her dashing riding. The *corps* of gymnasts, acrobats, equestrians and general performers now performing at this establishment is one of the best seen in this city for some time, and the entertainment offered is every way deserving the attention of all lovers of the gymnasium. The *matinee* performances on Wednesday and Saturday are largely attended and afford an opportunity of letting the little ones enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. These performances are equally as attractive as those of the evening, and fathers, mothers and guardians should give the rising generation a sight at the sports in the arena.

SAM COLLYER, the clever little representative of the P. R., appeared at Tony Pastor's Opera House the past week as Joe Kidd in a drama of that name. This was the first appearance of Samuel in a speaking part in this city, although he played the character of Bob in Brougham's local piece of "The Lottery of Life," in Baltimore, and made a favorable impression. Mr. Collyer deserves great praise for launching out boldly in a new line of business, and, taking all things into consideration, he did remarkably well. His voice is very much against him and will be his only drawback as a "speakist." He is a little awkward on the stage but after he has a little more practice will overcome all that. The piece afforded him every opportunity to show off, as he had several sets-to in the gymnasium scene with T. G. Riggs and G. W. Thompson. On Friday evening Sam set-to with Dick Hollywood, and there was a large attendance, many of whom were ladies, who enjoyed the manly art of self defence with as much gusto as the old sports.

"THE WHITE FAWN" attracts large audiences to Niblo's every evening, and the *matinee* performances are crowded. The piece commences now at half-past seven, and the performance terminates a few minutes before eleven. It has been considerably cut since its first representation, and works now very smoothly.

THE HANLON COMBINATION—Thomas, Frederick and Edward—made their first appearance in this city, since their return from Europe, on Jan. 31st, at the Worrel Sisters Theatre, in their triple parterre act, between the second and third acts of "Under the Gaslight," and were well received. The occasion was the benefit of Mart. Finch, the business manager of the theatre, and the house was crowded. It was also the last performance, for the present, of "Under the Gaslight," as "Pickwick Papers" is announced for the current week. Mr. Lingard, since the abdication of John Mortimer, played the *role* of Snorkey in the "Gaslight," and did remarkably well.

MAGGIE MITCHELL commences cricketing this evening at the Olympic Theatre, in her well-known impersonation of "Fanchon." The Olympic is one of the scenes of Maggie's early triumphs in this city, having appeared there in June, 1862, and continued about one month, during which time the theatre was under her own management. She played a round of her most popular characters to a succession of good houses. Her present engagement is her first in this city since her return from Europe. She will be supported by James Collier as Landry, and Mrs. Hind—her first appearance this season—as Fadet, her original character, having played it in New Orleans when Maggie first produced "Fanchon." W. Davidge, Owen Marlowe and Mrs. Edmonds are in the present cast.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE gave a selection of music at Steinway Hall on Jan. 31st. The programme included selections from Meyerbeer, Meldelssohn, Wallace, Flotow and other popular composers. Miss Richings, Mrs. Seguin, S. C. Campbell and W. Castle were enthusiastically welcomed, and their singing heartily applauded.

THOMAS THRALL, the treasurer of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, will take a benefit at that establishment on the 14th inst.—St. Valentine's Day—when it is to be hoped that he will be the recipient of many darts from St. Valentine in the shape of a plentiful supply of postal currency.

THAT the dramatic agency business has become as necessary to the profession at large as is a place of amusement there cannot be a doubt, and the firm of Lowell & Simmonds comes in for its share of the business, judging by the rush they had the past week. On one day they sent away by rail thirty-three performers, including ladies of the *ballet* and *premier danseuses* to Buffalo, and the Hanlon Combination, which is under the management of this firm. In this issue of the CLIPPER they have several cards to which the attention of professionals is directed.

LEON, the popular and favorite impersonator of *prima donna* business, after an absence of eight weeks from his professional duties, and at the earnest solicitation of many of the most prominent merchants in this city, has consented to re-appear at the scenes of his former triumphs, commencing this evening at the Minstrel Hall in his own burlesque, entitled the "Grand Dutch S," which has been in preparation for some time, and to be produced with new dresses, appointments, etc. The burlesque will terminate with a collision between two steamboats. Elsewhere will be found the correspondence relating to Leon's re-appearance.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, a celebrated English burlesque actress, contemplates visiting this country next season. Managers wishing to secure her services are referred to the card of Manager Henderson, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, to be found in another column.

THE ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA flourisheth at Banvard's Opera House. Fulton and Maeder's "Nobody's Daughter" has been revived there with fair success. After its original production at the New York Theatre last summer this drama ran three weeks at Banvard's. It has been revived in a very good style, with new scenery, by Mr W. B. Ayeres. Miss Mary Mitchell, Mr. Albaugh and Mr. Maeder have much success in the leading characters. The other parts are assumed by Messrs. Myron, Warwick, Matthews and Miss Proudfoot and Miss Lillie Eldridge. Mr. Chandos Fulton, one of the authors of this dramatization, has founded a drama upon an episode in "Our Mutual Friend," and entitled "Jenny Wren, the Doll's Dressmaker and her Friends," and Miss Alice Kingsbury, the elfin star, will play.

THOMAS E. MORRIS, business manager for John Brougham, having been confined to his room with a sprained ankle for several weeks, is slowly recovering and will soon be about again.

A CORNET PLAYER of ability advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement, over the signature of J. Barlow.

LEAVITT, WILD AND EAGAN, minstrel and variety agents of this city, have two cards in our advertising columns, to which artists in the above specialties should pay attention.

THE HANLON COMBINATION—George, William and Alfred—commence the fifth week of its stay at the Theatre Comique this evening. The programme offered is a most attractive one, as there is an entire change in the acts heretofore offered by this party. Alfred Hanlon does his act, said to be original with him, called "The Aerial Promenade." The Hanlon Brothers introduce, for the first time here this season, the "L'Echelle" act. The performing dogs—the best ever seen in this country—will go through a variety of acts under the direction of Mlle. Gertrude. Harry Gurr, the champion swimmer, will continue to perform various antics while in the watery element, besides eating, drinking, and smoking while under the water. The entertainment, taken as a whole, is one of the best offered, in the city and is well worth seeing.

BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS, are four of the most successful managers in the minstrel business, for notwithstanding they very seldom change their programme—doing the same acts over and over again, week in and week out—they continue to attract large audiences, and what is still better, please them when they get them there. It is not so difficult to attract a crowd, as it is to please them when they do come, but the San Francisco Minstrels, who enjoy a reputation worldwide, give a most enjoyable evening's amusement, and all who go once, make up their minds to do the same thing over again.

TOMMY PELL—whose right name was Wm. Howe—a jig dancer, died at the residence of H. W. Eagan, in this city, on Jan. 31st. The funeral took place on the 2d inst.

MESSRS. RIVERS & CO. have their usual number of advertisements in this week's issue. Among them will be found one referring to a "writer" who wishes to travel with a show as agent. This firm also advertises for a first class old woman who is capable of playing the heavy business. For particulars as to other cards, see our theatrical advertising columns.

INCREASED ATTRACTIONS are offered the patrons of Butler's American Theatre, this week. The programme is filled with choice selections of negro minstrelsy, such as double acts, song and dance, banjo solos, stump speeches, etc. Mlle Zuccoli will execute the dance of "Il Bacio," and Alice Siedler, a lady who has become quite a favorite by her comic and sentimental singing, will appear in several new songs.

A NEW RIGG.—Mrs. Lizzie Riggs, wife of T. G. Riggs, of Tony Pastor's Opera House, presented her lord with a son on the 2d inst. Mother and child were doing well at last advice.

PROFESSOR WHITNEY is to give a series of Shakespeare reading at Dodworth's Hall, commencing on the 10th inst.

Dramatic.

JAMES STARK was playing at the Salt Lake Theatre up to last advices—Jan. 18th. On Jan. 7th he played Brutus in the play of [illegible] "Richelieu," 11th "Money," 14th, "Merry Wives of Windsor," 16th, "Money and Misery" and 18th, "Jack Cade."

FIRE!—The Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of Jan. 29th. The fire was discovered at six o'clock in the morning in a concert saloon adjoining the Academy of Music, which was extinguished, but a few moments after fire was discovered issuing from a window of the Academy of Music, which was but imperfectly closed by iron shutters. The firemen at once directed the greater portion of their attention to the new fire, but the peculiarly inflamable nature of the materials of the building rendered their efforts in vain. The whole building was in one mass of flames in less than twenty minutes, and its destruction was complete in an hour, despite the exertions of the whole department, which was by this time on the ground. Nothing is left of the Academy but its bare walls, and the loss accruing to Miss Adelaide Georgianna Trimble, the owner and manager, cannot fall short of fifty thousand dollars. The Academy of Music was owned by Hugh Hastings, of the Albany *Knickerbocker*. He leased the building in 1863 to Mr. Trimble for ten years, with conditions that the latter might purchase at the end of five years. There was still an additional provision that the insurance on the building of twenty thousand dollars should, in event of fire, be expended in re-building the theatre. The only insurance was the twenty thousand dollars obtained by Mr. Hastings. It is estimated that it will cost fully forty thousand dollars to place the building in the condition that it was before the fire. The loss, under conditions of the lease, will fall upon J. M. Trimble, who died last summer in that city, since which time the Academy has been managed by his daughter Adelaide Georgianna Trimble. A theatre was first started on the site in 1824; was used as such until 1839; during that time Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest performed on its stage as stock actors. In 1839 the theatre was converted into a church known as the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and was used by that society as a place of worship until 1863, when it was transformed into a theatre—J. M. Trimble, a well-known theatre builder, taking charge of its transformation and then taking a lease of the property. It was opened Dec. 22d, 1863, under Mr. Trimble's management with "The Lady of Lyons," previous to which the National Anthem was given by the company. An opening address was delivered by Miss Annie Waite. The cast of characters for "The Lady of Lyons" was as follows:—Claude Melnotte, Mr. E. T. Stetson; Col. Damas, Mr. G. C. Ryer; Mons. Beauseant, Mr. F. Page; Mons. Glavis, Mr. S. W. Ashly; Pauline, Miss Annie Waite; Mad. Deschappelles, Mrs. E. Le Brun; Widow Melnotte, Miss Agnes Hampton. It was the only place where the drama could be presented in the best light, with all its machinery, scenes and accompaniments. There was a parquet and two galleries supported by splendid columns; the orchestral stall contained two hundred chairs; the seats were wide and capacious; the boxes had a balustrade front, done up in gilt; the proscenium arch had a bust of Shakespeare, supported by two female figures; the dome was 45 feet in diameter, representing a bronze open canopy; around the ceiling were twelve medallions of celebrated poets and dramatists; the decorations were done up in white and gold, relieved with delicate pink; the whole interior was finished in a style of elegance rarely seen in this country. Mr. Charles Barron was playing a star engagement at the theatre, but was enabled to save his wardrobe. The members of the company were equally fortunate and brought out their effects in safety.

AT ELLSLER'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio, "Under the Gaslight" was the attraction the past week.

EDWIN BOOTH closed his engagement in Memphis, Tenn., on Jan. 18th, as Richard III., to a large house, the audience filling every vacant place. Our correspondent says:—"During the week he repeated 'Hamlet' to a larger house than he had on its first representation. 'Macbeth,' which greatly pleased most of the audience, and 'Claude Melnotte' (second time) for his benefit to a crowded house. His engagement has been a successful one, and he has impressed the majority of the critics here with the conclusion that he is a superior actor, and to doubt him in any of his business is to fight against good taste and scholarship. He may have some affectations, but like the poetry of Willis, they are so pretty, even they are admired. Miss Mary McVicker did not create a *furore* at first, and had to contend with a determination against her, yet she made an impression in some of her characters, even upon the most obdurate of the most resolute of those objecting. Of the company, Messrs. France, Waldron and Ellerton gained most credit, and Mrs. Allen always rendered herself acceptably, especially as the Queen in 'Hamlet.' Miss McVicker's Pauline and Ophelia were the most admired in her *role*. Mr. Edwin Adams appeared on Jan. 21st as Hamlet, but the house was small. The stock played 'Under the Gaslight' on Jan. 20th to empty benches, which were not much improved this evening (Jan. 21st). Mr. Adams will appear as Rover in 'Wild Oats,' on Jan. 22d......George S. Gray is here without an engagement. He is a juvenile man, or would make a fair leading man in the minor theatres.......Mr. Booth, I understand, has engaged Mr. Waldron for his New York Theatre when it shall be completed."

THE DILLON COMEDY TROUPE, the title of a dramatic company, organized under the management of H. C. Page, and at present traveling through Illinois, consists of the following people:—John Dillon, W. J. Fleming, J. E. Browne, H. C. Page, W. H. Williams, Nellie Boyd, Bessie Clifton, Mary Fiske and C. Atkins. On Jan. 25th "To Oblige Benson," "The Laughing Hyena," and "Paddy Miles," were performed at Rockford, Ill.

EDWIN BOOTH commences a six nights' engagement at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, Mich., under B. Macauley's management, on Feb. 17th.

FRANK MAYO fulfilled a star engagement the past week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., opening on Jan. 27th, in "Cadet La Perle."

J. T. FANNIN had a benefit at Lancaster, Pa., on Jan. 29th, and appeared as Charles De Moor in "The Robbers," with J. C. Stewart as the Count; Charles Rosine played Tom Tape in the "Stage Struck Tailor." The company appeared in Columbia, Pa., on Jan. 30th and 31st, and returned to Lancaster, on the 1st inst.

JAMES LEWIS, THE COMEDIAN, IN COURT.—James Lewis, who played at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theatre, in this city, for a brief period, but who, the past two seasons, has been at the Continental Theatre, Boston, under B. F. Whitman's management, appeared in the Municipal Court of Boston, on Jan 28th, in a suit against Manager Whitman, to recover $40 due him on his salary. The plaintiff in his declaration sets forth that on the 7th of February, 1867, he, for a certain consideration, engaged to enter into defendant's employ as an actor; that he entered into defendant's service and performed all duties encumbent upon him under the agreement, and that afterwards, on the 21st of December, 1867, the plaintiff and defendant mutually agreed to terminate the said agreement; and that the defendant, in consideration of services already performed, promised the plaintiff to pay him the balance due for the same at the specified rate; which balance, the plaintiff avers, amounted then to forty dollars; and so the plaintiff says the defendant owes him the said sum with interest from date. Mr. Lewis testified to the fact of his having been engaged and having played at the Continental Theatre, and that after he left the Continental, about Christmas, he went to the office, and found Mrs. Whitman, whom he considered a person in authority, and asked for his pay; that she referred him to Mr. Whitman; that upon consulting him the latter told him he should forfeit him some of his salary, for the reason that he had acted wrongly upon the stage, and had made a practice of "gagging;" that he accused him of having said to a lady while in character, "Come and kiss me for Phœbe;" (this constituting one "gag;") that defendant said Phœbe was his wife's christian name, and he considered its employment in such connection a slur upon his wife. On the cross-examination of Mr. Lewis it developed the fact that after leaving the Continental Theatre, Mr. Lewis had gone to the Boston Theatre, and was under engagement there at the present time. The interrogatories also brought out many statements showing other variances between the plaintiff and defendant prior to the time when the sum which he sued for became due, all of which were adduced with the design of showing that plaintiff had violated certain rules and regulations of the theatre; but the Court here interposed the remark that all matters of complaint which might have occurred prior to the time when indebtedness for the sum in controversy was incurred, had been waived by the defendant in his act of making regular payment for services rendered during the time when certain implied infractions of rules had taken place; and that examination must be confined to the last week that plaintiff played at defendant's theatre, as it was for services during that period alone that the alleged indebtedness of defendant was incurred.

On Jan. 29th the case was resumed when Mr. Lewis was recalled for cross examination: Mr. Whitman objected to paying me on account of gagging, but I had gagged before without objection being made by him; I did not turn pieces on the stage.

Mr. Lewis—Have had conversation with several parties in regard to the pay; but have not stated that I did not expect to recover; said that Mr. Whitman declined to pay me on account of gagging; did not use the term supposed to be applicable to Mrs. Whitman after I was notified not to repeat it; know of no rule of any theatre to impose a forfeit on account of gagging; was in the employment of Mr. Whitman the previous season, when it was common, both in the "Black Crook" and "Cinderella," to gag. The case on the part of the plaintiff rested here, and the amended declaration was put in, setting forth a contract and a breach of such contract. Mr. Nickerson, for defence, argued that under this declaration there was no evidence of cancellation of contract, the declaration setting forth that the contract was from the 7th of Feb. 1867 to the 1st of May, 1868, and the plaintiff was now engaged as an actor in the Boston Theatre Mr. Phillips contended that the suit was for salary and that the plaintiff was not bound to show a cancellation of contract until there was evidence of a breach of contract.

Witnesses were now called for the defence.

J. J. Benno, acting manager at the Continental, testified that he heard Mr. Lewis use a gag several times; three times he used the expression "Kiss me for Phœbe," on two evenings and at one *matinee* performance; never spoke to him on the subject; on one occasion he turned a set piece so as to exhibit the rear part of it to the audience; there are no particular rules applicable to theatres; no general rule applicable to gagging; in the Continental there are no fixed rules in relation to gagging; there is a general rule in all first class theatres in relation to gagging; but the fines, when they are imposed, are by fixed sums, not discretionary. Cross examined—In September, while I was prompter, Mr. Lewis gagged every night; Mr. Whitman never reproved him nor asked me to reprove him; Mr. Lewis' gags were generally popular.

Wm. H. Chester—I have been promptor at various theatres; there are no well known rules in relation to gagging; do not know of any rules at the Continental in regard to gagging.

Frank Keller—I am manager of the Howard Athenæum; there no fixed rules at all theatres for gagging; when there are printed rules the manager is governed by them. Cross examined—Gagging is common and popular at theatres, and allowable, if not objectionable to the public.

Mr. Nickerson, in closing for defence, contended that there was a breach of contract on the part of plaintiff, in making another contract with the manager of the Boston Theatre, and that having determined to leave Mr. Whitman, he took various means to insult him and to injure his theatre; on account of damages sustained and the breach of contract, he claimed that the plaintiff could not recover.

The Court, in giving a decision, stated that the contract was to recover for salary from the 16th to the 21st December, and that evidence had been offered to show that there was a breach of contract by making a new contract with the Boston Theatre on the 18th December, but it did not appear that he went there to rehearse until December 24th. It was further alleged that in the meantime he did play at other theatres, but it did not appear that this contract bound him to an exclusive service at the Continental Theatre. In regard to the practice of gagging, there was no proof of usage except by special rules, and in this case there were no rules at all. If, as was asserted, in the absence of rules, the managers could inflict penalties for such acts, the law would hold that it was unreasonable and void. Neither could acts of insult or rudeness be held to constitute a breach of contract, and if not, they could not be a ground of defence. It had been contended that the theatre was damaged, but there was no evidence of damage. Under the circumstances the plaintiff was entitled to recover the full amount of the claim. The defendant took an appeal to the Superior Court.

OUR CALIFORNIA advices are up to Jan. 6th, under which date our correspondent says:—"The Webb Sisters have just closed their second week at Maguire's Opera House, and their success has been even greater than during the first week. 'Fanchon' has been on the bills since New Year's, and bids fair to run for a long time to come......The management of the Metropolitan exhibited bad judgment in withdrawing 'Under the Gas Light,' for since then they have tried 'Flying Scud' and 'Sam,' both of which have failed to attract even paying houses. 'Arrah Na Pogue' is in preparation, and will probably draw. Mrs. F. M. Bates is the leading lady at this house......The Olympic is doing finely. This week they produce a piece called 'Scenes on the Mississippi' and 'New Year's Calls'......The Temple of Music is doing fairly with minstrelsy and burlesque opera......The American Theatre was open last week for German drama. The houses were fine......The theatrical wardrobe belonging to George Pauncefort, who disappeared about eighteen months since, was sold at auction on Saturday last. Report says that gentleman George has embraced Mormonism, and is a 'Saint' at Salt Lake......Charles Tibbetts, ex-Manager of Maguire's Opera House, talks of visiting the Atlantic States......Signor and Signora Bianchi and Signor and Signorina Bellini propose sailing for New York by next steamer......Fanny Young has been playing in Sacramento, but, owing to the heavy rains, has not been fortunate......C. W. Couldock and daughter, now in Salt Lake, are expected here shortly......Amy Stone and the George Chapman Troupe are at Gold Hill......Laura De Force Gordon lectures on Spiritualism, on Sunday evenings, at Maguire's Opera House......Mr. Horatio Stebbins, the sensation minister, holds multitudes spellbound every Sunday evening at the Metropolitan Theatre......There is talk of repealing the Sunday law, so as to allow theatres to open on Sunday......'The Black Crook' is to be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, this evening......John Wilson will either lease a theatre or build one by spring. He is now in India, with his Great World Circus and an English Opera Troupe......Sheridan Corbyn has been appointed Acting Manager of Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, and the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento."

STEVENSON'S ATHENÆUM opened at Awanaga Hall, Flint, Mich., on the 20th ult., with Mollie Williams and Felix A. Vincent as the star attractions, giving the "Wept-of-Wish-ton-Wish," to a full house, our correspondent, "Resolute," informs us. He says:—"The company is a favorite one here, the members being J. M. Murray, leading man; W. R. Gray, stage director; Jno. L. Sanford, G. W. Stevenson, Yankee Miller, J. H. Evans, J. S. Murphy, Jas. Cecil, Nellie Sanford, Alice C. Gray, Florence May, Gracie Greenwood and Mrs. R. J. Miller. The drama of 'Maud's Peril' was presented on the 24th ult., as the closing piece of the season, followed by 'Sketches in India,' Vincent as Tom Tape, and Mollie as Sally Scraggs. I understand that the engagement of the two stars with this company ceased on the 24th, and that Manager Stevenson has effected a brief one with Leo Hudson (and her horse), to open in Jackson on the 27th. Miss Williams and Felix Vincent, leave for New York on the 27th."

MANAGER B. MACAULEY, of the Detroit Athenæum, was to have opened the New Jackson Hall, at Saginaw, Mich., (the largest in the State), on the 27th, with "West End."

JOHN BROUGHAM, who was to have been the next star at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., dispatched a portion of his wardrobe to that city, and it reached the theatre just in time to be consumed when the theatre was destroyed by fire.

AN ITEM taken from the Paris papers has been going the rounds to the effect that Patti recently wore a dress that cost 2,000 francs. This is certainly nothing extraordinary, as Mrs. John Hoey frequently appeared on the stage in a dress which cost twice that sum.

THE RICHINGS' OPERA TROUPE commenced at Waller's Opera House, Newark, N. J., a four nights engagement on Jan. 27th. Our correspondent says:—"On the opening night, 'Martha' was given to a large audience. The opera was admirably adapted to the company, which was remarkably powerful and complete in all its details. 'Fra Diavolo' was given on the 28th, with all the sparkling gems of Auber's composition. Mr. Seguin, as Lord Allcash, was an admirable specimen of the Dundreary style of acting, and the duet, 'I don't object,' with Lady Allcash (Mrs. Seguin) was finely executed. On the 29th 'The Doctor of Alcantara' was produced. The 'Bohemian Girl' was given on the 30th, Miss Richings' benefit. The house was densely crowded from pit to dome, with the most select audience ever within its walls. Miss Richings, as Arline, was excellent, and fully maintained the good impression made with her auditors. S. C. Campbell also captivated all by his fine vocalism and action. The choruses were excellent, full in tone, prompt in time, and the whole company were so harmonized that they produce about the most delightful and popular operatic entertainment before the public."

"THE HEART OF THE GREAT CITY" can be bought by managers who may wish to produce it. It has been copyrighted, and parties are cautioned against playing it without the consent of the author. Selwyn, of Boston, it is said, intends producing it during the present month.

THE CHICAGO THEATRES are reported to have done well the past week. Mrs. Alice Holland had a benefit on Jan. 24th, and the best house of the season was present at the Museum. The *beneficiaire*, says a correspondent, "appeared as Susan in 'Married Rake,' Cleopatra in 'Anthony and Cleopatra,' and Smike in 'Nicholas Nickleby.' She was called before the curtain twice, on the first occasion making a very sensible little speech, and was presented by Manager Aiken, in behalf of a few of her friends, with a purse of money, among which was eight ten-dollar gold pieces. 'Web upon Web,' a new local play, is said to be the joint production of Mr. Saphore, prompter at the Museum, and Mr. Britton, of McVicker's company. As a play, it is a little weary......Edwin Booth and Mary McVicker commenced at McVicker's Theatre on Jan. 28th, in 'Shylock,' to a very large audience. 'Richelieu' was given on the 28th to a still larger audience, although the greatest conflagration ever known in Chicago was raging but a few blocks away. But the Cardinal seemed to have drawn his awful circle about the audience, and, fire or no fire, they moved not. To-night (Jan. 28th), 'Lady of Lyons;' Thursday, 'Hamlet;' Friday, 'Richelieu,' and on Feb. 1st, 'Othello.' Booth goes from here to Milwaukee, supported by McVicker's company; the Hanlons occupying the theatre in the meantime."

GROVER'S ITALIAN AND GERMAN OPERA TROUPE commence in Chicago on Feb. 3d.

JOHN DILLON is traveling through Illinois and Wisconsin with a company, of which Dillon is the attraction. They were at Rockford last, doing "Miriam's Crime" and "Handy Andy."

ZOE commences an engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., on the 10th inst.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C., we are advised of doings in the amusement world up to Jan. 31st by our correspondent "Novice," who says:—"John Brougham closed his three weeks' engagement at the National Theatre on Jan. 25, receiving a benefit on the previous evening, and presenting, for the first and only time this season, his original three act comedy of 'Flies in the Web,' and the farce of a 'Thumping Legacy.' On the 25th, the performance commenced with 'David Copperfield,' after which Charles Vandenhoff recited, in an able manner, Henry Glassford Bell's poem, 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' with an orchestral accompaniment, followed by Brougham's burlesque of 'Metamora.' Bateman's French Opera Company appeared on the 27th in the 'Grand Duchess.' It is very likely that we shall shortly have the Richings Company......The Wallack and Davenport Combination gave 'Oliver Twist' at Wall's Opera House during the week ending Jan. 25 to very remunerative audiences, and the play would probably have kept the boards but for the engagement of Kate Reignolds, which commenced on Jan. 27th. Miss Reignolds presented for her opening bill the thrilling and sensational drama of 'Nobody's Daughter,' dramatized by Messrs. Fulton and Maeder. The favorite actor, F. C. Bangs, was especially engaged to appear as Joyce Harker. Miss Reignolds was well received, and is an established favorite. She sang a new song, said to be written expressly for her, entitled 'Meet Me, Meet Me,' but as Miss Reignolds seemed inclined to use a very old piano as an accompaniment instead of the orchestra, which was simply placed upon the stage to dress the scene, the audience kept up a continual guying during her singing. The usual faults of a first night, however, were scarcely discernable, and the performance went off with *eclat*. Mr. Bangs was very satisfactory in the dual *roles* assumed, and Manager Schoenberg displayed good management in engaging him. Wm. Barron appeared as Victor Carrington, and gave a very correct rendition of the part. A. D. Bradley as Black Milsom was very good, as was also Joseph Barrett, who enacted the character of Dennis Wayman."

EDWIN ADAMS closed at the new Memphis Theatre on Jan. 25th He opened in "Hamlet" on Jan. 21st, and his characters through the week were Rover, Robt. Landry, The Heretic, and Dramatist (for his benefit), and The Drunkard and William for his closing night. The stock company played "Under the Gaslight" on Jan. 27th, and the Lottie Opera Troupe commenced on Jan. 28th in "Martha." Mr. Forrest will succeed them, and play for one week, during which he will produce the "Gladiator" and "Metamora." He will be followed by McDonough's "Black Crook," for which great preparations are being made.

BIDWELL & LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Taunton, Mass., Jan. 27th, for one week, and was to go thence to Fall River for Feb. 3d and 4th, and the balance of the week at New Bedford, and open in Newport, R. I., Feb. 10th, for one week.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY play in Taunton, Mass., on the 4th and 5th inst.

J. HOLMES GROVER, who recently terminated a successful engagement at the Rochester Opera House, is seriously ill at Geneva, N. Y., and unable to quit his room. Mr. Grover contracted a severe cold at Rochester, and by continuing his engagement, at its close found himself suffering from the early stages of diptheria, and now he is totally unable to speak above a whisper. His physician has positively refused to allow him to perform for some months to come, in consequence of which Mr. Grover will be compelled to withdraw his western engagements, and, if sufficiently recovered in health, will start for Salt Lake about the middle of April, where he will play his engagement during the month of May next, his former date having been postponed in consequence of the inconveniences of travel across the plains during the winter season.

EMMA MADDERN, the favorite actress of the West and Southwest, who, after an absence from the stage of several months, was to have made her *rentree* at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 10th inst., has in the kindest manner and at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Conway, the lessee, postponed her appearance one week longer to oblige Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who has made a hit at this establishment and wishes to remain one week longer than her original engagement. Miss Maddern has therefore postponed her opening until the 17th inst.

FRANK MAYO terminated his engagement in Indianapolis, Ind., on Jan. 30th, with a benefit, when he played Badger in the "Streets of New York." On the 31st Fanny Janauschek appeared in "Mary Stuart." This week Fanny B. Price is the attraction, opening on the 3d inst., in "Nobody's Daughter"—Mrs. D. Hanchett's version.

J. D. CRESSY, a pioneer manager in California, died at the City Hospital, San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 29th, at the age of sixty-eight. In 1851, Captain Cressy was the proprietor and manager of the old Criterion Theatre, in Stockton, Cal.—one of the earliest erected on the Pacific coast; and his ample wealth was freely dispensed to relieve the necessities of poorer members of the profession. A disastrous fire, and other untoward circumstances, left him in his later years comparatively destitute, and at the time of his death he had for three or four years been employed as ticket-taker and as stage door-keeper at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. In early life, and until 1849, he was in the employ of Greene & Sons, the European and East India ship-owners, having in 1822, when in command of the Agincourt, taken the first cargo of convicts—477 in number—from Portsmouth, Eng., to Sydney, N. S. W. The disease of which he died was dropsy, and his remains were followed to the grave by a number of friends and professional associates.

THE SENSATION of the past week in Philadelphia theatricals was the production of Daly's drama of "Under the Gaslight," at the Arch Street Theatre, the initial performance taking place on Monday evening, Jan. 27th, in the presence of a large audience. Mrs. Drew has given due care to the production of the play, new scenes having been painted expressly for it, and everything done by her to ensure its success. Mr. Lewis Baker came from New Orleans to superintend the production of the drama, as well as to perform one of the prominent characters, Snorkey. As a play of the sensational school, "Under the Gaslight" has met with a decided success. In a literary point, it is condemned by the critics. As the public, however, are the real judges, and as the houses have been large during the entire week, including an immense audience at the *matinee* on Saturday last, it is fair to presume that the play suits the tastes of Philadelphia theatre goers, and that it will have a fair run...... John Owens concluded his brief engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre on the 1st of February. We regret that Mr. Owens' performances were not more liberally patronized. At his benefit, on the 31st January, there was a very large attendance, probably owing to the fact that Mr. O. appeared in three pieces, viz: 'Solon Shingle,' "Live Indian," and "Happiest Day of My Life," which goes to show that in these dull times some theatre-goers require a great quantity for their money. For the current week, Marshall & Doyle's Mikado Troupe of Japanese occupy the boards, and perform a number of startling feats, including Sword Ladder, in which Genu Geroo ascends, barefooted, a long ladder composed of sharp swords, placed edge upwards. They remain only six nights, giving place to the "Flying Scud," which is to be produced on the 10th inst......The proposition for the erection of a German theatre begins to assume a tangible form, the subscriptions now amounting, we are told, to about $86,000. It is not yet made public where the building will be erected, but as the bulk of the German population reside in the upper portion of the city it is probable that a site will be selected in the district formerly known as the Northern Liberties...... Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are in their fourth week at the Walnut street Theatre, where they have appeared in nothing but old pieces. This week they announce "The Shamrock, or Flower of Erin." They will probably be succeeded by E. L. Davenport......Bateman's French troupe commence a season at the Academy of Music on the 10th inst. They may do tolerably well for a short time, but they will not, we opine, meet with great success in the Quaker city, where the French language is not extensively understood.

MRS. JAMES DICKSON's benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on Jan. 27th, is said to have been a decided success. Robert Meldrum put in his first appearance there after an absence of several years and was well received. The *beneficiaire* appeared as Margot in the drama of that name and in the dual characters of Miss Thistledown and Maggie McFarlane in "Bonnie Fish Wife."

LUCILLE WESTERN commenced an engagement of two weeks at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on Jan. 27th. Our correspondent "Theo" says:—"'East Lynne" was produced with Miss Western as Lady Isabel. Her rendition of this character was so natural and free from affectation that there was barely a dry eye among the crowd of admirers who witnessed her performance nightly. The Archibald Carlyle of R. S. Meldrum was one of the finest impersonations of that character that it has been our lot to witness. J. L. Gossin acted the *role* of Sir Francis Levison in an able manner and drew his share of the applause. The Lord Mont Severn of B. G. Rogers deserves especial mention. Mrs. Meek as Barbara Hare and Mr. Walcot as Corney Carlyle sustained the characters with ability. Little Susie Goodwin as William, drew the tears from many eyes by her fine impersonation of the *role*......The Hanlon Combination—Thomas, Frederic and Edward—hold forth at the St. James' Hall, on the 3d inst., for a few nights. Tony Denier is with the troupe, who are under the management of Morris Simmonds. Thomas Warburst is agent."

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS plays at the Opera House, Paterson, N. J., on the 8th inst., supported by a dramatic company from this city.

THE LOSSES by the *attaches* of the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., by the late fire, are as follows:—John H. Meehan, machinist, $300; Wiser, artist, $100; Mrs. C. Henri, a necklace, $100; Vogel, leader of orchestra, music and instrument, $300. Besides this, all the musicians lose their instruments. The last play, says our correspondent "Arry," "was 'Hilda,' which was produced on Jan. 27th, with Charles Barron as Henri De Lorraine, J. W. Carroll as M. De Chavigny, W. W. Moreland as King Louis XIII, W. H. Page as Maurice, S. E. Ryan as Saint Amant, W. C. Crosbie as Faret, G. G. Turner as Dr. Joel, Mrs. Jennie Carroll as Hilda, Mrs. Le Brun as the Duchess, and Mrs. C. Henri as Charlotte, which piece was brought out with new scenery, and bid fair to run the week. The loss will fall heavily on the company, as this is a very bad season to get engagements. The manageress loses $25,000, the building being insured for $20,000. She will proceed at once to the erection of a new one, to be as near like the old one as possible. On the evenings of Feb. 1st and 3d the company have a benefit at Tweddle Hall, tendered them by their patrons, and on Wednesday afternoon Manager Everett, of the Griswold Opera House, Troy, has kindly placed his theatre at their disposal. On the 1st the 'Gunmaker of Moscow,' 'Dead Shot' and 'Irish Tutor' will be performed, and on the 3d 'Oliver Twist' will be presented.

AT THE MOBILE (ALA.) THEATRE the "Black Crook" was on Jan. 26th, in its second week. The theatre has been crowded nightly. Oliver B. Doud appeared as Rodolphe; Wm. Peters as Hertzog; C. Norris as Count Wolfenstein; H. Howard as Zamiel; Wm. Shelton as Greppo; Lottie Howland as Carline; and Blanche Bradshaw as Amina, who are said to have sustained their characters admirably; while the Puffengruntz of Mark Brooke, and the Dame Barbra of Mrs. Bradshaw, was the best acting in the piece.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," with all the scenery from Boston, will be produced on the 18th inst., in Buffalo, under the direct superintendance of B. F. Whitman.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, "Under the Gaslight" held the boards the past week and continued to attract crowded houses nightly. A correspondent says:—"The main features of the play are Wheelock's Snorkey, Miss Carson's Laura Courtlandt, Geo. Radcliff's Bermudas, and Miss Sallie Partington's Peach Blossom. The latter young lady carries off the honors of the evening, and she is deserving of them, as she is an actress of no mean talent. The piece is to be withdrawn on Feb. 1st, to make room for other novelties."

HARRY WALL, now in California, intends establishing himself there in the dramatic agency business for the purpose of attending to the bringing out of stars who contemplate a visit to that city. See his address in another column.

DAVIS & CO., the Cincinnati dramatic agents, are at all times prepared to furnish managers with people and *vice versa*; at least, so they announce in their advertisement in the CLIPPER.

THE FOURTH STREET THEATRE, Cincinnati, opened Jan. 30th, in "No Thoroughfare" to rather a slim audience, which slim audience, says a correspondent, did not appreciate "No Thoroughfare."

HARRISON'S dramatic company open at the New Opera House, Corning, N. Y., on Feb. 4th, for two weeks.

THE SECOND week of "Under the Gaslight" at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, was proved, says our correspondent, "Mose," "fully as good as the previous week, as there has been no abatement in the attendance since the first night. It has attracted overflowing audiences every night, and at the *matinee* last Saturday afternoon the largest audience seen in the walls of the Opera House since the first night it was opened as a place of amusement was present. It could be profitably run two weeks longer to large audiences were it not for previous engagements which compels the management to withdraw it this evening (Feb. 1st). Messrs. Davis, Hurley, Linden, Rooney, Knapp, Nugent; Meadames Davis, Tracy and Maggie and Susie Parker, are worthy of special mention for the satisfactory completeness with which they filled their respective characters. The piece was presented under the supervision of R. D. Farren, who in conjunction with Cliton Eddy have bought of Mr. Daly the sole right of presenting it in this State. On Feb. 4th, Mrs. G. C. Howard, the original Topsey, commences a week's engagement."

BOOTH'S BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY closed a season of five nights at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on Feb. 1st. B. Johnson and Nellie Germon were the stars, but proved, says our correspondent, "bad ones to draw, as the company did a very light business. During the week was presented 'The Child of the Streets,' 'The Wandering Minstrel,' 'The Hidden Hand,' 'The Lottery Ticket,' 'Bob Nettles,' 'Jocrisse, the Juggler,' 'The Iron Mask' and the 'Heart of the Great City.' In several characters Mr. Johnson and Miss Germon did quite well, but they are by no means worthy of the title of stars...... McKean Buchanan and company open at the Academy of Music on the 3d, and remain one week."

FANNIN AND HOPKINS' DRAMATIC COMPANY were announced to give two exhibitions at Sunbury, Pa., on Jan. 30th and 31st, producing "Ticket of-Leave Man" and "The Good for Nothing." The company has just closed a successful engagement of two weeks at Lancaster.

MADAME RISTORI arrived in Havana on the 29th January.

THE FLORENCES closed a two weeks' engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Jan. 31st. This week the "Black Crook" is the attraction.

THE COMPANY from the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, play in Norwalk, Ohio, on the 3d inst., while the Amateurs of Cleveland occupy the Academy.

MR. AND MRS. STEVE W. ASHLEY, (late Marie Boniface), can be engaged for the balance of the present season as low comedian and singing chambermaid, by addressing their agents as per advertisement elsewhere.

T. E MILLS AND COMPANY were at Fond Du Lac, Wis., last week, preparing for the "Black Crook," which he intends to produce there on Feb. 3d. He goes thence to Oskosh and Green Bay, and other towns in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

MISS KATE PENNOYER, *danseuse*, may be addressed by managers as per advertisement.

HETTIE DE LEE is at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I., the current week, opening in "Fanchon" on the 3d inst.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS continues her engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, which has so far been attended with much success.

SAM GLENN appears this week at the American Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in "Rip Van Winkle."

"THE WHITE FAWN.—Printed copies of this spectacular piece, now being performed at Niblo's Garden, may be procured as per advertisement.

BOSTON THEATRICALS FOR THIS WEEK.—"The Streets of New York" will be played at the Boston Theatre until the 5th inst., after which the theatre will be closed for the rehearsal of "The White Fawn," which is to be produced on the 10th inst...... "The Silver Spoon" enters upon its one hundredth representation at the Boston Museum on the 3d inst......Harry B. Hudson takes a benefit at the Museum on the 5th inst. The "Favorite of Fortune" will be offered......Fanny Herring is the star at the Howard Athenæum......Selwyn's theatre is running "Dora" and the burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan." The "School for Scandal" is in active preparation......De Pol's *ballet* troupe continues at the Theatre Comique. Morlacchi took a benefit on January 30th, and the house was crowded. The price of each seat, wherever located, was fixed at one dollar, and the demand was so eager that four and five dollars were freely offered for places not especially desirable. The benefit was an ovation......Garland's burlesque company produce "Ye Grand Queen Bess" at the Continental Theatre on the 3d inst.

Circuses.

JOHN LOWLOW, who is generally successful in eliciting the hi, hi's of circus assemblies, in his capacity as clown and gymnast, wants an engagement for the forthcoming season, and so advertises in the CLIPPER.

MUSIC FOR A CIRCUS.—A good band is one of the chief attractions of a circus, and managers act wisely when they secure good musicians. An opportunity to do so is offered in our advertising columns by Anthony Hebring.

LUKE RIVERS, well-known in the Circus business, is at liberty to engage for the approaching tenting season.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS and Menagerie performs in Weldon, N. C., on the 8th inst. Several members of the company have had a number of articles stolen from them of late. One of the musicians lost all his instruments, and on Jan. 27th some one relieved Charley Fish of his dressing room trunk and all his wardrobe.

RETIRING.—Mr. W. H. Hough, formerly the agent of, and for the past four years manager, of John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie, has resigned his position. Mr. Hough was very popular with the public while in this city, and we apprehend that his place in the show will be difficult to fill. Success to him in anything which he may undertake.—*New Orleans Picayune*. "Uncle Bill," as the boys of the show familiarly address Mr. Hough, arrived in New York, Feb. 1st. He reports the John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie as having done a big business up to his departure, two weeks since. The show is now on the Mississippi, in the vicinity of Vicksburg. To a responsible party who can afford to pay a good salary to an efficient business man, we commend Mr. Hough.

MAD. BRIDGES, an equestrienne who makes the scarf and manege acts a feature, can be engaged for the coming tenting season. For address see advertisement.

THE GILMORE SISTERS—Fanny and Alice—at present performing at Louisville, can be secured for the coming circus season, for dancing and singing, also single and double acts.

COOKE'S CIRCUS, Philadelphia, is doing moderately well. Charles Adams appears this week in "his ancient and modern style of quadrille dancing."

MAGINLEY & CARROLL'S CIRCUS is to give its first performance at Jackson, Tenn., on the 29th inst., and a card will be found in our advertising columns calling upon the ladies and gentlemen engaged to assemble.

THE TOURAINE BROTHERS, acrobats and gymnasts, may be engaged by addressing Charles Touraine, as per advertisement.

LEVI NORTH has a pad mare, nine years old, which he wishes to dispose of. For price see advertisement.

Music Halls.

A VARIETY OF TALENT is wanted for the Casino, East Saginaw, Mich., which is to be opened on Feb. 29th. As it is proposed to make it a first-class place of amusement, professionals wishing engagements will do well to communicate with S. Harrison, as per advertisement.

ROBOTHAM'S CONCERT HALL, Newark, N. J., is said to offer a fine lot of attractions for the present week. Steve Young, (formerly of the Peake Family Bell Ringers,) balladist, makes his *debut* there on Feb. 2d. The "Shadow Pantomime" is produced there nightly and creates much laughter. Harry Richmond, together with George Robotham, keep the audience in a continual roar with their comicalities.

"Zozo," the very successful spectacular *ballet* now running at Fox's American, Philadelphia, will be performed for the seventieth time on Wednesday evening, February 5th. The spectacle is certainly one of the most attractive ever presented in that city, the costumes being rich, and sufficiently curtailed at both ends to suit the tastes of all admirers of physical developement. The transformation scene, which closes the *ballet*, is exceedingly handsome, and equal to anything seen at other theatres in that city. In addition to "Zozo," Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard and their acting dogs appear this week, in the dog drama of the "Felon's Doom, or the Dogs of the Mountain."

BILLY PASTOR, comic singist, together with Prof. Tanner's troupe of performing dogs and monkeys, are the principal cards of attraction at Curran and Nevis' Atlantic Garden, Philadelphia.

AT LONG'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the company at present engaged comprises Miss Nellie Huntley, Belle Williams, Julia Price, Messrs. Matt. Wheeler, N. H. Foster, C. Coriell, N. Lesher, Herr Mecchel and F. Hilton.

ACCIDENT TO AN ACROBAT.—At Fox's American Varieties, Philadelphia, on the 31st of January, while an acrobat named Brown was going through his evolutions on the horizontal bar, the support gave way, and the whole contraption fell to the stage, the performer coming down with great force on his side, although, we are glad to learn, without sustaining any very serious injury.

THE MOBILE, ALA., MELODEON was opened to the public January 20th, with Wm. B. Shelton as proprietor, and W. J. Jacobs as stage manager. The Melodeon, says a correspondent, "is neatly and tastefully fitted up, with a seating capacity of about 300. The stage is 20 feet wide by 14 feet deep; two scenes four wings and a very pretty drop curtain. It was fitted up under the direction of Shelton and Jacobs. The company consists of W. J. Jacobs, ballad singer; Ned Banker, comedian; Johnny Keegan, jig and clog dancer; Master Wiley and Miss Minnie Grey. The entire company has not arrived yet, but will put in an appearance during the week......At the Olympic, on January 23d, Charles Rivers and Jimmy Cummings took a joint benefit, when Ben Wheeler, Jim Porter, Mike Mitchell and Ned Straight put in an appearance. Ben Wheeler in his Irish songs, and Mike Mitchell with his banjo solo, were well received. The company opens January 27th in Odd Fellows' Hall for one night, when it separates, and the following people go up through the interior for a few weeks' tour:—Ben Wheeler, Ned Gooding, Charles Rivers, Jimmy Cummings, Ned Straight, Lizzie Ellsworth and Mlle. Louisette; and the following remain at the Olympic:—Jim Porter, stage manager, Mike O'Brien, C. W. Sullivan, Prof. Berge, Adolphe Gase, M'lle. Edith and Dora Escott."

WRIGHT'S VARIETIES, Richmond, Va., is doing good biz, we understand. Rosa Volland, Tilly Forbes, Millie Coleman, Kitty Lee, Emma Marsh, Maggie Warren, Dutch Melville, Johnny Farris, Billy Boyd, Billy Laconta, Kate Clare and Harry Jefferson, are the combination of attractions.

AT THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, they have withdrawn the *ballet* and substituted the legitimate drama at the reduced price of fifteen cents admission. Since the reduction the management has been rewarded with full houses.

AT THE VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa., Victoria Howard was delighting large audiences the past week by her charming vocalization. Crissie Morrell is also singing at this establishment. The Buffalo Boys, cloggists, Clara Burton and Lucy Clifton, *danseuses*; Charles Gardner, H. W. Williams and T. H. Jefferson, Ethiopian comedians, and Geo. R. Edeson, comic vocalist, continue among the attractions.

AT CADWELL VARIETIES, Milwaukee, Wis., Miss Lizzie Lagrange is the shining star in her champion jig. Maggie Willett is also there. Matt McCollun, Ida Wallace, and Lizzie Wheelan appear this week.

LEON DE BENSEN has purchased the good-will and fixtures of Lawrence's Jermania, at Harrisburg, Pa., and proposes to shortly open with a company of first-class artists.

AT THE VARIETIES, Cleveland, Manager Montpelier keeps constantly procuring fresh talent. Joe Woods, comic singer, and Clark Gibbs, Ethiopian comedian, put in an appearance on Jan. 27th. Stage Manager, Nicolo Norton, had a benefit on Jan. 27th.

ONLY THREE SHOWS have "gone up" in the vicinity of Flint, Mich., within a month or so:—Judge's Minstrels, Remington and Kirby's Minstrels, and Weaver's Combination Troupe.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS perform in Newark, N. J., Feb. 10th, for one night, at the Opera House.

Negro Minstrelsy.

AT WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati, Newcomb's Minstrels are holding forth nightly to delighted audiences. The past week they gave Lon Morris' burlesque of "Under the Kerosene Lamp." It is said to be one of the best burlesques ever produced there. Manning is still the favorite at this place, while Campbell, Queen, Collins and Fox come in for their share of applause.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS, now on an eastward tour, give two entertainments in Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 7th and 8th. D. P. Hodges is connected with the troupe as agent and sends us their route ahead as follows:—Cleveland, 4th and 5th; Erie, 6th; Buffalo, 7th and 8th; Rochester, 11th and 12th; Syracuse, 18th and 19th; Utica, 20th; Troy, 27th and 28th; and Albany, March 2d and 3d.

TUNISON & PARSONS, managers of the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, are to be the recipients of a benefit on the 8th inst., tendered them by the company.

TOPLIFF'S MINSTRELS, composed of Harry Haviland, G. W. Herman, Tom McIntyre, Fulton Knight, Harry Wells, C. M. Reese, Louis Gumphert, with Howard and Coburn, cloggists, made a tour of the of the Oil regions through the holidays. Harry Haviland left the party on Jan. 24th, and is now in this city suffering with the inflamatory rheumatism.

PROF. HUTCHINSON, with his performing dogs, commences an engagement at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, on the 3d inst. Leon's burlesque opera of "Faust" is announced as in the last week of its representation, with its magic tranformation and brass band, etc.

Miscellaneous.

A GRAND CONCERT AND READING has been tendered to Mr. Thomas Nolan, and will take place at the Brooklyn Institute, on Thursday evening, 13th inst.

WAY'S HALL, Waterbury, Ct., the only hall now in that city, may be rented for concerts and other entertainments by addressing Jarvis Way, as per advertisement.

E. SEYMORE, violoncelloist, can be engaged. For address see advertisement.

WASSEN'S "Paradise Lost," with C. Miller Charter, as lecturer, has just returned from a tour through Kentucky, and appeared in Madison, Ind., for four nights, commencing Jan. 24th.

PROF. SANDS lectured in Madison, Ind., on Jan. 31st.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" (A. Miner Griswold), is filling engagements in the North West with literary and Christian associations. His success has been marked. In but few instances have the halls or churches been large enough to accommodate the crowds who flock to hear his lecture of "Injun Meal." At Des Moines he gave two lectures before the Library Association, the second one being "Hunkidore," with which he achieved such a reputation a few years since. He is now making his way East, and after a few lectures in Michigan and New York, takes passage to California on a professional tour.

DEATH OF A TRUMPETER.—We omitted to record in our last the death of Professor John Thompson Norton, which took place in Philadelphia on the 24th January. As a performer on the *cornet-a-piston*, he had but few equals; and 25 or 30 years ago, gave solos on that instrument at nearly all the principal concerts in New York, Philadelphia, etc. He was an Englishman by birth, and is said to have formed part of the household of William IV., of England. He made his first appearance at Niblo's, in New York, and afterwards went to Philadelphia, where he was a prominent attache of the then New Chestnut Street Theatre, under the several managements of Warren, Warren & Wemyss, and Pratt & Wemyss. He was prominent at the Musical and Philharmonic Concerts, and his trial of skill with Signor Gassbate, an eminent Italian artiste, attracted crowded audiences both in Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Norton carrying off all the prizes. He was about 80 years of age at the time of his death.

TONY DENIER, the clever and comic pantomimist, with M'lle Auriol, who is a star in the Terpsichorean firmament, are now associated with the Hanlon Brothers, Thomas, Edward and Frederick, as will be seen by a card in our advertising columns.

JAMES BUCKLEY, of Buckley's Serenaders repute, has published a new banjo book, which he advertises for sale in another column.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS perform in Louisville, Ky., on the 13th, 14th and 15th inst.

HEYWOOD'S EXHIBITION of the "Holy Land and Life of Christ" is billed ahead as follows:—Upton, Mass., Feb. 3d; Grafton, 4th; Millbury, 5th; Sutton, 6th; Farnumsville, 7th; Northbridge, 8th; Uxbridge, 10th and 11th, and Blackstone, 12th.

SPALDING'S TROUPE OF BELL RINGERS were at Dixfield, Me., on Jan. 29th, and are at Norway and Mechanics' Falls, Me., this week.

ALF. BURNETT, the popular humorist, appears at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 5th, 6th and 7th inst.

A CONTRADICTION.—We have received a communication from G. De Young, of the California Acrobatic Troupe, denying the statement furnished us by a correspondent, and published in the CLIPPER of Jan. 25th, that "the baggage of the company had been in the keeping of the landlord of a hotel in Utica, N. Y., for a little while."

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, Lexington, Ky., is well adapted to dramatic and other exhibitions, and may now be rented by the day, week, or month. For whom and where to address see Pollard & Mahone's advertisement in the CLIPPER.

MARTINO, the wizard and ventriloquist, was [illegible] at Morrisania, N. Y., and other places last week. Martino's address will be found in his card in our advertising columns.

SQUIERS' NEW OPERA HOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich., has been undergoing a course of remodeling and redecoration, and, besides all requisite stage fixings, has accommodation for seating eight hundred. It may be rented for dramatic, operatic and other shows by addressing T. W. Squiers as per advertisement.

OLE BULL gave two concerts in Chicago the past week.

THE FUSI SAMA JAPANESE TROUPE showed in Newark, N. J., on January 24th and 25th, to fair business.

A PANORAMA OF ORIENTAL LIFE, with various fixings, is advertised for sale in another column.

BANJO PLAYING AND JIG DANCING are pleasing pastimes, and there are many who would like to become pupils could they find a competent tutor. Those anxious to find such a man should communicate with J. K. Buckley, a pupil of Frank Converse's, as instructed in advertisements elsewhere.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE opened at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., to a big house on Jan. 20th, and is said to have attracted large houses in Racine on the 17th and 18th; Beloit, 25th; and Belvidere on the 27th. The troupe perform in Ottawa, Ill., Feb. 4th and 5th; Morris, 6th; Joliet, 7th and 8th; Fairbury, 10th and 11th; Peoria, 12th and 13th; Pekin, 14th and 15th; Bloomington, 17th and 18th; Springfield, 19th; Decatur, 20th and 21st.

THE WHEREABOUTS of Montarg, violinist, and Ellen Watkins, bearded lady, is advertised for.

A COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES is wanted by an advertiser. For particulars see advertisement.

A BRASS BAND can be secured, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere. The band is said to be up in minstrel business.

WALTER BRAY, the California Ethiopian comedian and actor, made his first appearance with Charley Shay's Quincuplexal Troupe at Beloit, Wis., on Jan. 25th.

THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) RINK is doing a good business. The managers have given several promenade concerts of late and endeavor to do everything they can to please their patrons. Last week there was considerable excitement there on account of the engagement of the "Skatorial Queen," Miss Carrie Moore, who appeared Jan. 28th, and remained three days. The people were in raptures over her graceful and artistic skating. She first performed the ordinary skating, and then entered into the more difficult movements, heretofore only attempted by the male gender, such as jumping on her toes, skating swiftly backward and jumping up in the air and turning an entire circle and coming down on her toes, besides various other difficult evolutions which surprised every one present. She also performed her specialties, the "Zouave Drill" on skates, "Varsovienne," *a la* "Polka" and other fancy dances, to the admiration of the ladies.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION performed in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 1st inst.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ is to deliver a lecture in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Feb. 5.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is to give his new lecture, the "Pursuit of Happiness," at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 27th inst. Many will go to hear him, in pursuit of happiness.

DICKENS gave two more spasmodic readings in Philadelphia, the past week, the hall on each occasion being well filled. Two additional spasms are promised for April, the tickets for which fell into the hands of wide-awake speculators on the 31st of January. Some of these energetic gentlemen braved the frigid temperature of a night out of doors, in order, like the early bird, to catch the unconscious worm. The speculators have made handsome profits out of the Dickens tickets, a number of New Yorkers being among the most fortunate. We have not yet learned whether (in compliance with the claims of the poorer classes who desire to hear him) Mr. Dickens intends to "give a cheap reading at 25 cents," or not.

IMPORTANT TO EXHIBITORS OF PANORAMAS.—The proprietor of the panorama of Italian Views having asked a decision from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in relation to the tax on panoramic exhibitions, Mr. Rollins has sent the following reply, by which it appears that panoramas are exempt from the two per cent tax on gross receipts:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT—OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
Washington, 2d October, 1867.

SIR.—In reply to your verbal inquiries, that according to the terms of a decision of this office of date 15 Feb., 1866—and still adhered to—it is so difficult to draw a line distinguishing what paintings are works of art and what are not, regarding simply the merits of the paintings, that it is decided to regard all paintings, (except, perhaps, such as are exhibited through the medium of a magic lantern), that will warrant exhibition for pay, as works of art. This decision, however, exempts from tax in gross receipts only. The adjective "occasional," as used in Sec. 108, is understood to define the word "concerts" only. It appears from your statements and papers that you are not liable under Sec. 108, for the exhibition of your "Italian Views."

Very respectfully, E. A. ROLLINS,
To Thos. A. McDonnell, Esq., Phila., Pa. Commissioner.

"MUSICUS" advertises in the CLIPPER for several artists of both sexes.

A FIRST-CLASS AGENT is wanted by P. H. Iids. See advertisement.

"BILL TELL," a burlesque, and "Adolphus Morning Glory," a song, besides other compositions, may be procured of C. H. Day, as per advertisement.

ANDERSON, the magician, is announced to open at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Feb. 3d.

R. DE WITT, of this city, is engaging himself very extensively in publishing plays. He is constantly in receipt of the latest pieces produced in England. His latest publication is "Henry Dunbar."

G. F. LUMMIS, humorist, gave an entertainment at Towanda, Pa., on Jan. 29th.

SHOWMEN wishing to secure good entertainment when visiting Hamilton, O., will do well to call at the Straub House and have an interview with A. Weller, the superintendent.

H. BLAND advertises for a position as agent. For how to address see said advertisement.

DAVIS AND LEDYARD'S Comic Opera Troupe will give three entertainments at Towanda, Pa., on the 5th, 6th and 8th inst.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS are billed for one entertainment at Harrisburgh on the 4th inst. They will also sing before the Legislature.

THE FUSI-YAMA JAPANESE TROUPE, under Sam Sharpley's management, performed in Trenton, N. J., on Jan. 27th and 28th.

JOHN E. OWENS appears in the "Victims" and "Solon Shingle," supported by the entire New Chestnut Street Theatre company, from Philadelphia, at Trenton, N. J., on Feb. 3d.

Amateur.

THE SYNNOTT TESTIMONIAL.—This affair, under the auspices of the American Dramatic Association, is progressing very favorably and from present indications will be a success—artistically and financially. Mrs. W. L. Jamieson, who created quite a sensation by her excellent rendition of Pauline last week, will appear as Emilia and Miss Hattie Cristie as Desdemona. The *beneficiaire* Nicholas J. Synnott, will play Othello to the Iago of Thomas Flynn, and the Cassio of P. J. Healy. Maria Stuart and Albert Braham will sing between the pieces, and the performance will conclude with the "Limerick Boy." Paddy Miles, P. J. Healey; Mrs. Fidgit, Mrs. Jamieson.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave a performance for the benefit of a building fund on Jan. 29th. The play selected was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The house was crowded, and standing room at a premium. D. W. Farroe as Uncle Tom, J. Brooke as George Harris, Mr. Herman as George Shelby, Mr. MacCollin as St. Clair, and Mr. Andrews as Gumption Cute, are said to have been excellent. Marks, as performed by E. Huldish, created roars of laughter. Eva, by little Mary Rutter, is highly spoken of. The Aunt Ophelia of Miss Mapleton, and the Topsy of Miss Chalton were also good. Mr. Vic Arnold is highly praised for his beautifully painted act drop.

THE BOOTHENIAN ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed for their benefit on Jan. 30th, "Still Waters Run Deep" to a crowded house. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. Quigley as Potter was well up in the lines, but rather over-did the part. Mr. Mears as Capt. Hawksley was excellent, as was also Mr. Heyhurst as Mildmay. Miss Loraine was good as Mrs. Mildmay. Miss Walters as Mrs. Sternhold was rather too mild in her conception of the part, but, taken all in all, it is certainly the best performance that I have witnessed at this hall. The 'Lady of Lyons' is underlined for next (this) week.......The Shakespeare performed on 30th 'She stoops Conquer.' The benefit is announced to come off on Feb. 6th......Some of the old Amateurs of Philadelphia have organized under the title of the Union Dramatic Association."

THE WAUKEGAN, ILL., DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION performed "The Sea of Ice" at Searl's Hall, on Dec. 14th, with R. Fisher, an actor, as Carlos, J. A. Avery as Barabas, and Mrs. W. C. Long as Ogarieta.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

AMUSEMENTS in London, Eng., are not in a very flourishing condition. The New Year commenced under the most favorable auspices with several establishments, particularly Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Adelphi and the Surrey Theatres. Though a larger sum than has been hitherto applied in this way has been expended on the Christmas entertainments, the prospect of a remunerative return is not, generally speaking, so certain as to encourage sanguine hopes. It is not this year to the inclemency of the weather that a decrease in the collective numbers who have attended the various places of amusement must be wholly attributed. The want of employment that prevails in various parts of London and the disturbed condition of society, during the past month especially, is sufficient to explain the absence of overflowing houses. In the month of January more novelties have been brought forward than previously known in one month. It would be taking far too gloomy a view of affairs to suppose that the winter campaign will be necessarily at all Theatres an unprofitable one; but it must be remembered that managers are accustomed at this time to expect previous losses will be reimbursed, and future weeks of indifferent business compensated by the profits of their pantomimes. At present it cannot be overlooked that their chances appear less favorable than hitherto. With the termination of those social festivities that have their effect in detaining families from the enjoyment of the Theatre, the boxes and stalls will, it is hoped, assume a more crowded appearance, and that, with the resumption of employment, the frequenters of the cheaper portions of the house will be able to pay their accustomed visits. The prominent features of each pantomime are, this year, brilliancy of decoration. The scenery and dresses of the Covent Garden holiday spectacle are magnificent......At Drury Lane William Beverley has exceeded all his past efforts, and a better-appointed pantomime than "Jack, the Giant Killer," has not been seen for years. It is, moreover, excellently acted, and the inexhaustible ingenuity of Mr. Cormack is exhibited in the novel arrangement of the *ballets* and pantomimic actions. At the morning performances, which have been very fully attended, the children of the Duke of York's School have been present, according to annual custom. ......At the Lyceum E. T. Smith has a strong combination of pantomimic *artistes*, and a brilliant display of costly properties. The pantomime is now in proper working order, the audiences increase at each representation, and there is every prospect of a triumphant success......The Holborn has a very tasteful transformation scene, the Surrey is also remarkable for one of the most elaborate development scenes of the season, and the pantomime is, in every respect, capitally placed on the stage ......At Astley's there is abundant fun, and no small amount of inventive fancy in the ingenious use of familiar nursery rhymes, incorporated into a comprehensible story......The pantomimes at the Grecian, the Britannia, the Standard, East London, Victoria, and other theatres, are respectively characterized by liberality of outlay and efficiency of embodiment, and since the first night of production it is hardly necessary to add every entertainment of this kind has been advanced a stage nearer perfection. ......"Dearer than Life," a new three act drama by H. J. Byron, originally produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, was brought out at the Queen's Theatre [illegible]. The drama is well placed upon the stage with all possible completeness. Mr. Byron was loudly summoned before the curtain and received the congratulations due to the author......The American Circus is doing well at the Royal Amphitheatre. The managers are constantly making additions to the company. M. Casti is a performer who deserves especial mention, for he must have an iron jaw. He closes his teeth upon the trapeze rope, and supports the weight of a man in full swing. He also swings three full grown men, who, for the time being, depend upon the strength of his wrists alone. The vaulting and tumbling, led by Robert Stickney, and the daring equestrianism of James Robinson and his pupil Clarence, amuse and delight the public. M'lle Ciarini continues in the company. Edwin Croueste is the clown. Master Eugene, with his trick pony, and the Bell family are features in the entertainment offered......Deulin Johnson, pantaloon, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Cremorne Gardens, after struggling on through a slow and painful disease of the chest, which has prevented him from acting for more than two years, is now confined to his bed in a bad state of consumption...... "Alice Ford; or, The Gray Lady of the Grange," the new four act drama, by John Oxenford, founded upon Mrs G. Linnæus Banks' novel, "God's Providence House," is in active preparation at Sadler's Wells, and will be produced early in February, the part of Alice Ford, the heroine, being sustained by Miss Marriott......The reconstruction of Her Majesty's Theatre has already commenced. The foundations of the old building are being cleared out to make way for the new structure, which, it is said, will cover the whole space extending between Charles street on the north, Pall Mall on the south, and the Haymarket and Waterloo Place respectively east and west. Every effort will be made to construct a sumptuous Opera House, which shall be the boast of Europe for its completeness as regards operatic requirements and security as regards the safety of the public. The estimated cost of purchase and reconstruction falls very little, if at all, short of £250,000; and, according to present arrangements, the theatre is promised for occupancy on the 25th of March, 1869.

M'LLE THUILLIER, a popular actress at the Odeon, Paris, is about to take the veil at the Convent of the Carmelites. Rumor says that Mad. Arnould Plessy is likely to follow her example. M'lle Thuillier is said to be remarkable for her graceful manner on the stage, and the peculiar distinction of her appearance. She has a charming voice and most pleasing intonation.

DON PATTOS, a one-legged dancer, made a desperate attempt at suicide, by cutting his throat with a razor, at his lodgings at Southampton, Eng., on Jan. 5th. He was removed to the infirmary. Pattos had been engaged at a series of entertainments given at the Philharmonic Rooms. He is supposed to have been suffering from *delirium tremens* at the time.

AN EXCITING SCENE.—At the close of the second act of "L'Œil Creve," at the Gymnase Theatre, Marseilles, Madame Juteau, who was playing Fleur de Noblesse, was joining in the gallop which concludes the act. By accident she fell, and being very near the footlights, rolled on to them. She was seized by some of the musicians, who dragged her into the orchestra and extinguished the flames which arose from her costume. Meanwhile actresses on the stage and spectators in front were greatly excited, many fainting and others rushing out of the theatre. Fortunately the promptness of the rescue renders it improbable that the accident will have very serious consequences.

MR. SHUTE, who commenced his theatrical career in Ballarat, died at a hotel on the road from Adelaide to Glenelg, Australia, on Nov. 1st. He had been landlord of the house for some time.

GEORGE BROOKES AND C. J. FYFFE'S dramatic company opened at Georgetown, Demarara, British Guiana, early in December, honored, says a correspondent, "by the Governor and family being present. We have met with good encouragement ever since, although we have struck the 'rainy season.' We remain here two months longer, and go hence to Trinidad and Antigua. The company are well, and, as they receive their salaries promptly in gold, are correspondingly happy. The weather is intensely hot. On New Year's night 'Richard the Third' was performed at Georgetown, with the following cast:—Duke of Gloster, Chas. J. Fyffe; Earl of Richmond and Duke of Buckingham, Geo. W. Marcellus; Catesby, Geo. Brookes; Ratcliffe, W. N. Decker; Lord Stanley, Chas. H. Thompson; King Henry, W. Marcellus; Lord Mayor, Frank Rooney; Duke of Norfolk, Geo. J. F. Tyte; Lieut. of Tower, Mr. Decker; Queen Elizabeth, Miss Annie E. Dillingham; Lady Anne, Alice Brookes, and Duchess of York, Emma Douglas."

JOHN S. CLARKE, the American comedian, who has been favorably received in London, Eng., will shortly appear at the Princess' Theatre in the "Octoroon." Boucicault will also appear in the cast.

KATE BATEMAN appears at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in September, under Buckstone's management.

ROBERT HELLER was announced to open in London, Eng., on Jan. 27th at the Polygraphic Hall, under the management of E. P. Hingston.

THE MARTINETTI FAMILY continued at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, up to last advices—Nov. 28th. The "Brazilian Ape" was the attraction, with Paul Martinetti as the Ape.

MADAME CELESTE, who had completed her arrangements to proceed to England by the mail steamer from Melbourne, Australia, as she intended, has been induced to postpone her departure for a month, Prince Alfred having expressed a wish to see her once more in a round of her favorite characters, and intimated his desire to attend very frequently at any Theatre she may play at during his stay. Madame Celeste has, in consequence, resolved to continue her connection with the Haymarket Theatre during the Prince's stay, and, by the command of His Royal Highness, appeared in "Green Bushes" on Nov. 28th.

THE LEHMAN FAMILY and the Tycoon troupe of Japanese, male and female performers, were the attraction that followed Madame Celeste at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia.

THE LYSTER OPERA TROUPE commenced a short season at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, on Nov. 25th. The company has lost the services of Madame Fanny Simonson, and has supplied her place by the engagement of Miss Geraldine Warden, a young lady favorably known to Melbourne as a concert singer at the Varieties. On command nights the admission to the dress circle is to be £1 1s. per ticket. The opera is under the special patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh, who, whilst in Adelaide, told Mr. Lyster to advertise his company throughout the colonies as under his protecting wings.

AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE, Sydney, Australia, James Anderson had been drawing crowded houses during the month of November, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heir. Mr. George Coppin having assumed the reins of management of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Mr. James Anderson has during the latter part of the month been starring there.

THERE is every probability, as soon as Walter Montgomery shall have sufficiently recovered from his illness, of Mr. James Anderson and the former gentleman starring together in Melbourne, under the management of George Coppin.

A SAD accident occurred during the performance of "Lurline" on the 30th of October, in South Adelaide, Australia. During the last scene one of the *ballet girls*, being rather late in getting on the stage, rushed by one of the persons who was holding a pan of red fire, when her dress caught the fire, and was in flames as soon as she got on the stage, her dress being entirely burnt off her. At first it was thought she was only slightly burnt, but she never recovered from the effects of the shock, and died on Nov. 13th. She had been on the stage for some time, and was known as Maggie Lester; only eighteen years of age.

THE BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS continue in the Australian provinces.

THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES.—London has now no less than thirty-two licensed playhouses. Their names and respective seating capacities are as follows:—Adelphi, 1,580; Alexandra, 1,330; Astley's, 3,780; Britannia, 3,923; Bower, 1,000; Cabinet, 300; City of London, 2,500; Covent Garden, estimated, 2,800; Drury Lane, 3,800, Effingham (New, East London), 2,150; Gallery of Illustration, 362; Grecian, 2,120; Haymarket, 1,842; Lyceum, 1,490; Marylebone, 1,500; New Royalty, 732; Olympic, 1,140; Pavilion, 3,500; Garrick (estimated), 800; Princess', 1,579; Prince of Wales', 814; Sadler's Wells, 2,300; St. James', 1,220; Standard, 3,400; Strand, 1,081; Surrey, 1,802; Victoria, 3,008; Oriental (estimated), 1,500; St. George's Hall (estimated), 800; Holborn (estimated), 2,000; Amphitheatre (estimated), 2,000; New Queen's, 2,000; total 58,864. Her Majesty's and the Bijou contain respectively 1,655 and 500 seats.

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of this really young and beautiful artiste.

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LOTTA IN TWO DISTINCT CHARACTERS.
LOTTA AS LITTLE NELL.
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FRIDAY NEXT, LOTTA'S FIRST BENEFIT.

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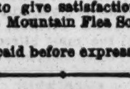
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